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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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To My Readers.

WITH the January Number the MUSIC SUPPLEMENT of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will be permanently enlarged from 8 to 16 pages monthly. Please take this opportunity of bringing the Magazine before your friends.

Attention will be directed towards making the Music Supplements one of the most popular and attractive features of the Magazine. During the year 1893, 208 pages of music will be given, in addition to the portraits and 250 letterpress pages.

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Particulars of a Prize Competition are given on page 246.

Au Courant.

TOWARDS the foundation of the projected College of Music at Manchester, the first list of contributions shows donations amounting to £1,297, and annual subscriptions £1,611.

WITH a capital of £400,000, a company has been formed to give an entertainment descriptive of the career of Columbus, in a building costing £150,000, and seating 10,000, just outside the gates of the Chicago Exhibition. Herr Xavier Scharwenka will compose the music, and there will be a chorus of 500, an orchestra of 120, and a stage band of 40.

M. GOUNOD, who has been staying at Arcahon—a French Whitstable, with a dash of Margate—recently emerged from his long retirement to play the organ at a highly successful concert of the master's sacred compositions, organized by him in aid of the poor of that city. As may easily be imagined, the cause of charity benefited largely.

I HEAR that there is a chance next year of hearing M. Jean de Reszké as Tristan. The eminent tenor proposes to try the part at Monte Carlo in the spring, and if he plays it at Covent Garden, Wagner's most advanced opera might eventually become as popular as "Lohengrin."

SOME enthusiastic amateurs are agitating for the establishment of a musical festival in Newcastle, with Sir Joseph Barnby as conductor. The scheme, I understand, is at present in an embryonic condition.

THERE seems to be no doubt about the success of Mascagni's new opera, though most of the critics agree that it will not draw better

houses than "Cavalleria." The Florence hotel-keepers, however, believe in the work; for whosoever Mascagni is, thither the autograph-hunters are gathered together. On the opening night he was recalled thirty times.

THE surprising sum of £40,000, which has been accepted by Mr. "Coste" Chevalier for a tour of England and the Colonies, to last three and a half years, is by far the largest amount ever paid to a music-hall singer. "Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road" and "Mrs. 'Enry Hawkins" are evidently better investments than most grand operas. Mr. Chevalier will visit Chicago and the other large cities of the United States, but I fear his peculiarly cockney ditties will neither be understood nor appreciated in America, where even the humour of Mr. Toole failed to win favour.

ONE of the most recently discovered geniuses is a man of the name of Hemprich, who now earns his daily bread by beating the big drum in the band of a Saxon regiment. He has lately written an opera, "Im Schoos der Erde," which has been accepted in Munich, where much is expected of it.

THERE is in Dr. Joachim's possession a sonata for pianoforte and violin, a *jeu d'esprit* written in 1853, in collaboration with Brahms and Dietrich, which has probably never been heard here. Its history is a curious one. Joachim was expected to play at a concert at Düsseldorf, and the sonata was composed as a humorous surprise to him. Dietrich wrote the allegro in A minor, Schumann an intermezzo in F, Brahms an allegro in C minor, and Schumann completed the work with a finale in A minor and major. If only as a curiosity, this work might some day be accorded a hearing.

ADMIRERS of Mascagni were afforded a capital chance of studying the growth of his genius, so far as it is exemplified in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz," at Covent Garden on the 21st ult. It occurred to Sir Augustus Harris that the two operas might just as well, for once in a way, form part of the same programme, and, seeing that the performance of "L'Amico Fritz" is usually over at about ten o'clock, time offered no obstacle to the fulfilment of this idea.

A SHAKESPEARIAN enthusiast, according to Professor Bridge, has made the discovery that the poet had a prophetic eye to the music, or at least, to some of the music, of the future. Only lately Dr. Bridge's attention was called to one of the plays, in which he was assured he should find a distinct foretelling of what his informant considered to be one of the modern masterpieces in music. The quotation was from "Henry V." The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking of Henry's versatile gifts—amongst others his power to reason in divinity, which made one

desire "he had been made a prelate"—went on to say:

"List to his discourse on war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music."

"There," said his informant, "that refers to the 'Battle of Prague,' which my grandmother played so beautifully."

ANOTHER story related by Dr. Bridge has reference to Shakespeare and musical compositions. It relates to Dr. John Wilson, composer of the work entitled "Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads," which comprises a setting of a song in "The Tempest." Wilson was a contemporary of the poet, and was buried almost under Dr. Bridge's study-window in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Quite recently the inscription on his gravestone was re-cut. The workman who was cutting the letters was entertained the while by an antiquary, who endeavoured to cram the man full of facts in regard to the composer. At last, as the antiquary related a particularly touching episode, the old man looked up and said, "I wish I had known that when we took that there drain-pipe through him."

THE question has been asked in the press and elsewhere, Are we a musical nation? Sir Joseph Barnby, speaking in St. Andrew's Hall recently, said there were many reasons in favour of an affirmative answer. We had the finest choral performances, and went to them in large numbers. But the question whether we took so much interest in orchestral performances must be unhesitatingly answered in the negative. A respectable middle-class Englishman looked with a certain amount of horror at theatrical performances, viewed operatic performances with disfavour, and did not care for musical performances.

NOW, thousands of girls learnt the violin, and learnt it well. There was no reason why women should not play better than men, for their temperament was more nervous and highly strung. But an orchestra consisted of wind as well as stringed instruments. He thought that at first men had better supply the wind. It might shock people to see a lady playing the trombone, though he knew ladies who played the clarinet and flute. He believed that the young ladies who played stringed instruments would want to do more and to become members of big orchestras, and perform the great masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart. He would defy the British Philistine to say a word against that. He did not think we were as musical as Continental nations, but if we were not, we were going to be. He hoped all who were studying would try to get to the very core of music, and not be content with the outer crust, and that they would not fancy they could become complete musicians in a few weeks. It took seven years to make a joiner, and music was a much more subtle art.

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SIR JOSEPH BARNBY ON MUSIC AGAIN.—At the annual social gathering of the Association of North London Presbyterian Choirs, under the presidency of Mr. Robert Wales, Sir Joseph Barnby, who was the guest of the evening, in the course of a valuable and instructive address, referred to the excellent singing of the united choirs, which had come upon him as a pleasant surprise. In no other country could a number of amateurs come together, and, without united rehearsal, sing with that accent, phrasing, and clear articulation of the words which he had heard that evening. English singers were lamentably behind those of other countries in the matter of pronunciation. He wished that all singers would enunciate distinctly, and, moreover, put soul-meaning into every word.

THE friends and admirers of that erstwhile member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and long-time favourite of the Savage Club, Mr. Snazelle, ought to be trembling for his safety, for he is actually touring amongst the cannibal islands of the South Pacific. If he should escape the honour of decorating the sideboard at a cannibalistic banquet, he will have some good stories to tell, or the materials for a capital volume, when he returns to his old haunts in the Strand. By the last Australian mail we have an account of an entertainment he gave in a Wesleyan church in the Fiji Islands. A shilling was the price of admission, but only the small percentage of whites were able to pay for their amusement in that form. The cannibals, who constituted the bulk of the audience, paid in kind, that is, they brought fans, model canoes, shells, baskets, spears, clubs, fly-whisks, pearls, moonstones, etc. So that the Savage Club collection of curiosities stands a good chance of receiving a valuable acquisition.

Le Ménestrel says that in Florence there is a suggestion to erect a commemorative stone on the front of the house formerly inhabited by the wonderful poet and inspired musician, Luigi Gordigiani, who has so justly been named the Schubert of Italy.

THERE is in the *Domenica Fiorentina* an article signed under the name of "Yorick," which barely conceals the name of Mr. Ferrigni, one of the best critics of Italy; an article full of nerve and spirit, in which the writer tells the fate of those who do not understand the grace, charm, and poetry of the splendid compositions of Gordigiani. The writer expresses great surprise at the opposition which meets the well-merited homage about to be rendered to this great artist. It is to be hoped, however, the controversy will not prevent the erection of the memorial.

THE following incident will give an idea of the value of Gordigiani's work. It occurred in Paris in 1849, a few months before Chopin died. Already attacked by the illness which was the cause of his death, the illustrious pianist went very little into society. However, one evening he met Prince Poniatowski, who loved, it is said, to shine as a drawing-room singer. The prince made himself heard indeed, and among other things he sang one of Gordigiani's most pathetic melodies, "O Santissima Vergine Maria." Chopin, struck by the beauty of this noble inspiration, applauded vehemently, and begged the singer to repeat it, and when the latter yielded to his desire and sang it a second time, Chopin asked for it a third.

AT first sight there does not appear to be much connection between music and shoe-

making, for even the most robust imagination in the world would shrink from classing the noise made by creaking shoes in any category of sweet sounds. Nevertheless, the shoemakers of Hackney have invented a new meal, which has been christened the "musical lunch." From a physical point of view it is not very nourishing, as it consists solely of playing the Dead March in "Saul" in front of the house of someone whom the members of their trades union consider objectionable.

THE "musical bootmakers" recall the harmonic small-coal man, Thomas Britton, who once flourished in Clerkenwell. Thomas combined the vending of coals with the cultivation of music, his customers having free admission to the concerts, which were held in a loft over his shop. In time those gatherings became quite famous, and were patronized by the leading musicians of the time. Even Handel took part in them, and ladies of fashion, such as the Duchess of Queensberry, did not disdain to mount the rickety steps of the loft in Jerusalem Passage to hear the "musical small-coal man" and his concerts. Who knows but that in time the shoemakers' "musical lunch" may not rise above dead marches into a real awl-inspiring performance!

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has presented Sir Joseph Barnby with a massive silver punch-bowl, mounted upon an ebony plinth, and bearing the inscription, "Joseph Barnby, in remembrance of the Leeds Musical Festival, 1892, from his friend, Arthur Sullivan." The gift was accompanied by a charming letter, in course of which Sir Arthur says: "I am not likely to forget your kindness to me at a critical moment, but you are careless and have a bad memory for such things. I therefore send you something which shall force you to remember that you were a good friend to me, and that I am very grateful."

THE second concert, fixed for early in March, of the newly-formed Middlesex Choir, will take place at the new Victoria Hall, and thus the long-talked-of oratorio concert-room will speedily be available to music-lovers in Central London. Since the closing of Exeter Hall, the lack of a building midway in size between the Albert and St. James's Halls has practically had the effect of banishing the most popular form of music in this country from mid-London to the suburbs; and thus not only have some of our best musicians been unable to obtain a hearing for their new festival and other choral compositions in the Metropolis proper, but a vast army of competent choristers, who are willing to give their gratuitous services in the cause of art, have been greatly discouraged.

THE Victoria Hall, which is upon the site of the old German Bazaar, opposite the Langham Hotel, will, we believe, accommodate a band and chorus of about 600, and an audience of about 4,000, and thus it is exactly of the size needed; while, although perhaps it is not precisely upon the great omnibus routes of Oxford Street or Piccadilly, it will nevertheless be easily accessible. It is hoped that the building will be opened with a special concert in February.

MR. HENSCHEL is forming a choir of 100 voices for the public performance of unaccompanied vocal music, on the model, I presume, of the excellent organization once directed by Mr. Henry Leslie. In choosing the members of the new choir special attention will be paid to quality of voice and reading power. Qualified

amateurs are desired to communicate at once with Mr. Stedman. This enterprise will command the sympathy of every musician who values the charming talent of our madrigal and part-song writers, neglect of whose compositions has long been a serious defect in the musical life of the Metropolis.

LONDON concert-givers who are observers of times and seasons will find that the few remaining years of the present century afford them plenty of occasions for anniversary performances. Next year will bring the hundredth anniversary of the death of Nardini, and the two hundredth of Locatelli's birth. On February 2, 1894, Palestrina will have been dead 300 years, and May 30 will be the centenary of Moscheles' birth. The tri-centenary of Orlando Lasso's birth comes with June 14, in the same year. Marschner, Philidor, and Mercadante will see their first centenary of birth or death in 1895, among the other names up to the end of 1900 being Pacini, Donizetti, Halévy, and Puccini, Gluck's amiable and gifted rival in Paris.

WITH less surprise than regret the public will receive the announcement that Signor Lago has been compelled to bring his season to a close.

A PLAN for the nationalization of opera that appeals to me very strongly is that lately suggested by James Harriman, one of the stockholders of the defunct Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mr. Harriman's idea is founded on the formation of a national stock-company, persons in various cities taking stock in the New York institution with the understanding that the singers, orchestra, costumes, and scenery should appear in other towns than New York. Some such plan in England, by means of which the money of Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, to say nothing of other large cities, might be united in one fund, would be the first step towards a really national institution in England. The binding together of persons in various parts of the country in an effort to establish opera on a permanent basis would certainly lead to higher and broader views of the nature, purposes and requirements of such an institution.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in musical circles by the announcement that Signor Mascagni is coming to London early next year. It is also said that he will conduct a performance of one of his operas at the National Opera House, but no authority is given for the statement. It is to be hoped that Signor Mascagni's experience of London will be more agreeable than of Vienna, where he nearly fell a victim to the enthusiasm roused by "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz."

"I RANTZAU," Signor Mascagni's new opera, scored the full success predicted for it at the grand rehearsal. The audience, which included a great number of notabilities of the artistic and musical worlds, listened in rapt attention. The third act was pronounced to be the best in the opera, and many pieces had to be repeated. The leading rôles were taken by Mademoiselle Darclee and Signori de Lucia and Battistini. Signor Mascagni was called many times before the curtain. "I Rantza" has not only gained the favour of the critics, but now seems likely to prove a popular success.

MASCAGNI, who at his home in Livorno leads a quiet life and wears a flaming suit of scarlet,

is at present a source of considerable income to at least one person in Florence. Most visitors to that beautiful city know "Cornelio's," the quaint café almost under the shadow of Giotto's Campanile. It is the largest restaurant in Florence, but its resources have been severely taxed during the past week, for it has become Mascagni's habit to repair thither every night, and to stay there with his friends till the small hours. A visit there gives the stranger a curious view of artistic life in Italy. There he may see the young composer, surrounded by the friends of his student days, and without any of the airs and poses that would be almost pardonable in a man who has "arrived" so soon. Sonzogno, quietest of autocrats, may generally be found in serious talk not far off; and there are sure to be some of the Pergola singers in the highest of spirits.

MASCAGNI is thoroughly *bon garçon*, and his popularity with his acquaintances was shown amply on the night of the *première* of "I Rantzau," when he made his appearance at Cornelio's. He was haggard with excitement; but before long everything was forgotten, and the decorous revelry was prolonged till at least three in the morning—for in Florence there are no harassing regulations about early closing. After the dress rehearsal Mascagni brought his wife and child, the latter a charming little girl of three or four; and it was a very pretty sight to watch him nursing his daughter on his knee, although prudence might have suggested that she ought to be in bed. Sottolana, a young baritone on whom Sir Augustus Harris would do well to keep his eye, is generally the chief source of the fun that prevails at these meetings. He is an admirable mimic, and can always set the table in a roar with his imitations of all the best-known people in the Italian musical world.

THE Pergola, where "I Rantzau" was produced, is a very charming little theatre, consisting mostly of boxes. There are about a hundred and twenty boxes, chiefly proprietary, and the parterre is almost entirely taken up by stalls. The audience was brilliant; but the women were, with a very few exceptions, disappointingly plain. Quite one-half of them wore hats or bonnets. The Chevalier Scovel, who will probably sing at the Dal Verme in Milan soon, was in Lord Henry Somerset's box; Signor Luigi Mhanes, Italy's two great tragedians Salvini and Rossi, Herr Jahn, of the Vienna Opera, and many other people well known to cosmopolitan artists, were there. All the ladies were presented with beautiful hand-painted fans as souvenirs of a memorable occasion.

WHATEVER be the measure of truth in the old reproach as to English pleasure in general, there is no doubt that the Englishman takes his musical pleasure "moult tristement." Here is a specimen of what he considers a high recommendation for a song:

"Five songs, in album form, are very sad, and will make many a mother's heart ache with self-reproach, often not merited. No. 1, 'Baby Fingers,' is a sad, retrospective glance at a little one taken away too soon. 'Little Jim' is written by —, who knows so well how to depict the trials of tiny mites. It will draw tears from many eyes. 'Changed,' tells of love and pain, which too often go together," etc. A concert of this kind would be a really cheery entertainment for anyone in search of amusement.

I HEAR that some legal questions connected with the late Sir Michael Costa's bequest of funds to the Royal Academy of Music, for the foundation of scholarships, are not yet settled, and that the Academy is still waiting to enter into enjoyment of the benefits designed for it. Another bequest, reported as made by a late distinguished vocalist, is also "hung up" because the will of the deceased has not yet been found.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE takes a pessimistic view of the music-hall. Conversing with a reporter of the *Scottish Leader*, he said the other day that the real difficulty about elevating "the halls" is that the highest art in music, song, and acting cannot be properly expressed in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and amidst the jingle of glasses. But, then, if the halls give up their drinking licenses, they sacrifice the huge revenue which will alone enable them to pay the exponents of the highest art, which, indeed, at this moment alone enables them to offer such a varied and costly entertainment for small prices.

THERE is no doubt that music-hall entertainments are becoming more artistic, and that very fine and capable artists are taking part in them. But even if they reached artistic perfection in the hands of the best possible artists, they would still represent an inferior form of art. That is the hard fact in the case. The question, however, is whether, as they improve, they do not tend to create a demand for something better than they themselves can supply.

THE anniversary of the death of one of the greatest composers of the present century occurred last month. On November 19, 1828, expired Franz Schubert, after experiencing more privations than ordinarily fall to the lot of unappreciated genius. But hunger and neglect did not check the flow of composition. When Schubert took up the pen it scarcely afterwards left his hand. It was his custom to write from early in the morning until late at night, and thus during a little more than ten years he far surpassed in production many composers who were granted twice his term of life. He was unfortunate to the last, and his compositions long remained virtually unknown in this country. Happily English musicians have now learned the true artistic worth of Schubert.

THE net profits of the Leeds Festival prove to be only £2,700, whereas in 1889 they were £3,142. The falling off must be attributed largely to the fact that no important novelties were produced, and thus the interest in the celebration was necessarily diminished. It should, however, in fairness be said that the expenses this year were heavier, particularly in regard to cost of chorus, which was now drawn from various parts of Yorkshire, instead of from Leeds itself.

I HEAR with much regret that an idiotic outcry at Tunbridge Wells against Gounod's "Faust" has led the committee of the Choral Society concerned to substitute for that work "Israel in Egypt." I only trust that no expressions will be discovered in that composition which would cause a spinster to put her handkerchief before her face. Certainly, there is a great deal in the "Messiah" which, if you only look at it in the right (or wrong) light, is extremely indelicate. By the way, in justice to Tunbridge Wells, I ought perhaps to state that there is a highly enterprising Amateur Operatic

Society in the place, which is so far above Puritanical prejudice that it has given a very successful performance of "Fra Diavolo" (*horresco referens*!), and is now preparing a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

THE often-quoted sentiment which prefers the making of a people's songs to the framing of their laws, seems to regard the writer from a popular rather than a pecuniary point of view, to judge from the experience of Mr. Russell. That veteran song-writer was the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," for the copyright of which he received £3. He asked the publisher once how the song sold, and was told that nineteen presses could not keep pace with the demand. Afterwards, I learn, "the publishers sent him £10 to ease their consciences." How easy it must be to relieve some publishers' consciences!

IN Scotland the organ, or "kist o' whistles," as the instrument is irreverently called, is supposed to drive orthodox Christians out of the fold; in Marylebone the absence of this attraction is alleged to keep them away from it. Witness the letter of the Rev. H. Sandham, incumbent of St. John's Wood Chapel, who, in reply to the animadversions made upon the unattractive nature of the services, writes as follows to Mr. Bedford, of the local vestry:

"I HAVE no hesitation in adding that no one knows better than myself that, at my advanced age, it might be well if a younger man took my place. But even his success would depend on something more than ministerial efficiency. It should not be forgotten that in the year 1883 the vestry deprived St. John's of an organist and organ. From that date the congregation visibly and rapidly decreased, and I think you will agree with me that no incumbent on a £250 yearly wage could be expected to pay the organist's salary and to maintain a choir, as well as meet all the heavy church expenses lately imposed, and which for seventy-six years were defrayed out of the parish rating without any complaining on the part of the ratepayers." It will thus be seen that even in the matter of organs the old proverb holds good, "Other countries, other manners."

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN AND Co. are about to issue that which promises to be an interesting volume of "The War-Songs of the Nations." So far, of course, as the ancient peoples are concerned, it will be impossible to identify the actual music, although the words will be easily available. But the battle shouts and battle songs of the various armies of more modern times have been collected, and a large amount of historical, archaeological, and other information is to be included in the book. No doubt the death marches, the most impressive of all military music, will not be forgotten by Miss L. A. Smith, to whom the compilation has been entrusted, and there should likewise be a mine of wealth in Scottish military music and in the British regimental marches.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Henry Russell in poverty is a statement hard to believe, and one finds consolation in the fact that it is made in an American newspaper. Only last season I met the veteran composer at Covent Garden, and between the acts of "Manon" he regaled me with some of his most amusing stories. I saw him previously, when Mackay, who wrote the verses to many of Russell's famous songs, was laid to rest in Kensal Green Cemetery. The

veteran composer had braved the keen wind of a sharp winter's day to stand by the graveside of the friend of his youth, and all were surprised at his hale appearance.

* * *

RECALLING the memories of the days long passed, Russell then spoke of the difference between the prices paid for songs half a century since and those given nowadays. "For 'To the West,' he said, "which was so popular during the Californian gold craze, I received a sovereign, and half of that had to go to my old friend we have just laid to rest. Still, we were satisfied." At Covent Garden, over a glass of wine (and Russell was "host"), he referred in grateful terms to a benefit recently organized in his behalf, and told how one of the best known basses in Italian opera offered to sing that tragic scena, "The Maniac," which, after a long "mysterioso" opening, begins with the words, "Hush, 'tis the night watch!"

* * *

AT first Russell was delighted at the offer, and the great basso consented to "try it over." Assuming a most melodramatic manner, with arms raised and in subdued tones, he began, "Hush, 'tis ze night vash." "I immediately exploded," said Russell, "and, remarking that 'The Maniac' was in no way concerned with washing day, substituted a song less fruitful of linguistic pitfalls." The aged composer also informed me that Charles Dickens had said "The Maniac" had done as much in exposing a great social evil as any of his writings.

* * *

THE deficit in the working account of the late Gloucester Festival proved to be somewhat less than was expected—just over £100—and will be made up by an assessment of 15s. upon each steward. This is the nearest approach to "making both ends meet" for many years, and the managers may now look forward to a balance on the right side. At a meeting of stewards recently held there was a general desire to obtain a new work from Dr. Hubert Parry for the Festival of 1895. Dr. Parry has also been requested by the Worcester Stewards to write something for the Festival of 1896.

* * *

WHILE Dr. A. C. Mackenzie and M. Saint-Saëns have accepted the invitation to take part in the musical performances in connection with the Chicago Exhibition, M. Massenet, Herr Joachim, and Herr Brahms have declined, and it seems as yet uncertain whether either Italy or Germany will be worthily represented in the musical department. The total number of choral and orchestral concerts will probably reach three hundred.

* * *

THE officials of the musical section, Chicago Exhibition, have paid this country a compliment in placing Dr. Mackenzie on the committee to whom American compositions sent in for performance will be submitted. The other members are M. Saint-Saëns (Paris), Mr. Asgar Hamerik (Baltimore), Mr. Carl Zerrahn (Boston), Mr. J. B. Lang (Boston), Mr. W. L. Tomlins (Chicago), and Mr. Theodore Thomas (Chicago). It is to be feared that these gentlemen have undertaken no light task.

* * *

I UNDERSTAND that M. Tchaikowsky will visit Chicago and represent Russia. He will conduct some performances of his own music, and will be accompanied by Madame Sophie Menter and M. Sapellnikoff, who will undertake a pianoforte concert tour in the United

States. There is likewise some probability that the Norwegian composer and pianist Edvard Grieg will go to Chicago.

* * *

"A LOVER of Good Music" writes complaining that in connection with operatic enterprise in London during late years, "too much has been made of new and inferior operas, whilst priceless gems of the old masters have been relegated to the lumber-room." He holds that if the whole of the genuine opera-goers in London "who go from a pure love of music" could be polled "as to which operas they would like to see, the old masters would come in with a majority of twenty to one," and avowedly sighs for such works as "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Sonnambula," "Robert le Diable," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." Sir Augustus Harris would unquestionably rejoice in being able to indorse the views of our correspondent, but the general public will no longer have Donizetti and Bellini, and only the more advanced compositions of Verdi. The experiment has been made again and again, and always with the same result. Even during the past month, at cheap prices, operas of the stamp indicated were scantily patronized, alike at Covent Garden and the Olympic. "Cavalleria Rusticana" would not be played thrice each week in Bow Street were it not the most popular work of the time.

* * *

MANY music-lovers who wished to judge of the results of music-teaching under the London School Board looked in at Exeter Hall on November 22, when the final competition for the challenge medallion for annual competition in sight and part singing took place. The choirs had already been weeded out by local competition till eight schools only were left, and these sang against the Fleet Road School for the medallion, by whom it was again won. Hardly anything could be taught to children which would give them more pleasure afterwards than some knowledge of singing, for knowledge brings sympathy, and sympathy with sweet sounds will create its opposite, distaste for many a sour and vulgar thing. Music may make kings mad, as Shakespeare pictures it, but on simpler folk it confers a never-ending source of wholesome pleasure, and an antidote—as Dr. Johnson's favourite verse says—against "the sad vicissitudes of things."

* * *

A SOIRÉE which had many entertaining features was recently given in the Westminster Town Hall by the honorary secretaries of the Westminster Orchestral Society to the members of that body. Mr. W. H. Cummings, who occupied the chair, took occasion to deliver an address upon musical topics in general and Westminster's musicians in particular, his remarks being listened to with special attention and interest. A portion of the building was, by kind permission, telephonically connected with the Savoy Theatre, so that the guests were able to take homœopathic doses of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Haddon Hall" music, which came over the wires of the National Telephonic Company with surprising clearness. Some quaint musical instruments from remote quarters of the globe were exhibited by Mr. Algernon Rose; while Mr. C. Spencer Smith showed and described the famous "Tobacco Box" of Westminster, a nest of silver-clad caskets whereon the parish overseers for some three hundred years past have left inscriptions commemorative of their tenure of office.

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The Music Supplement will be

ENLARGED

to sixteen pages, full music size, and will contain some of Beethoven's most beautiful short compositions.

A CALL of five shillings in the pound has been made by the Committee of the Cardiff Festival upon the guarantors. It is understood that the deficit has been considerably reduced by donations from the Marquis of Bute and other liberal supporters of the enterprise, the actual loss, if we are rightly informed, being about £1,000. At their last meeting the executive committee appointed a sub-committee to make provisional arrangements for the Festival of 1895.

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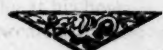
MISS JENNIE WESTLAKE, who made her début as an organist in London on November 19th, at the weekly organ recital in the Church of St. Barnabas, Kentish Town, was the solitary lady recipient of the bronze medal for organ-playing at the last distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Westlake, like many of the R.A.M. students, hails from Swansea, where her father is a prominent member of the County Council. Prior to entering the R.A.M., she presided at the organ in Capel Gomer, Swansea, and some idea of her proficiency may be gleaned from the fact that she won the medal in her second term.

* * *

IT will be remembered that M. Paderewski was to have appeared at the first Popular Concert of the present season, but could not fulfil his engagement on account of illness. His admirers were greatly disappointed, the more because that was announced at his only London performance before proceeding to America. The eminent artist will, after all, be heard at the "Pops," the date now fixed being December 5th.

* * *

MUSICAL London may expect a visit from M. Anton Kneisel, a Servian musician, of whom the Parisians are making much. M. Kneisel hails from Bucharest, where he acts as the director of a large and reputable school of music. The violin is his instrument, and he plays it like a Paganini. Nor is he content to be merely an executant. His compositions are many and various, but he is specially celebrated for his brilliant fantasia, mostly based on the national airs of Russia. The Servian violinist has a Paris concert in contemplation, and has announced his intention of going the round of the Continental music centres.



Illustrated Interview:

Mdlle. Szumowska.



It was on the opening night of Henschel's Symphony Concerts that I first met Mdlle. Szumowska, while the St. James's Hall was ringing with the enthusiastic applause of the audience for her refined and beautiful rendering of Weber's "Concertstück."

The invitation then given was productive of an interview which it is pleasurable now to sit down and recall. It was on the 9th of November. The Lord Mayor's Show had made progress through London difficult, and I was an hour late in getting to St. John's Wood; but it is a blessing to meet eminent virtuosi who are homely, and I shall always remember the welcome I received from Szumowska, when I stepped out of the fog into the house in Wellington Road where she was staying. The sounds of Chopin's Nocturne in C minor fell on my ear when I entered, but ceased as a door in the hall opened, and Szumowska met me with friendly eyes and greetings, to which Prince, a white Pomeranian, barked an encore.

Dress does much to indicate the character of the woman wearing it. Szumowska wore a gown of a dark-green Scotch tartan, made in a charmingly simple manner. She is tall and slender, with a mouth and eyes ready to break into smiles, and possesses a fascinating grace of manner,

with an undercurrent of seriousness, through which the light of genius shines.

"I was practising for my tour," said Szumowska with a smile, as we passed into the drawing-room, where stood the Erard grand whose tones I had heard. Prince followed, and having presently satisfied himself as to my intentions, stretched himself contentedly at my feet while we conversed, and in our conversation was reflected the past of Szumowska's life: the little town of Lublin, where she was born, about fifty miles from Warsaw, her teachers Strobl, Michalowski and Gorski, her student days at the Warsaw Conservatoire, and her father, professor of languages, and at one time exiled to Siberia.

"His pupils loved him so much, and were so devoted to him, that the Russian Government thought he must be a very dangerous man," said Szumowska with an expressive look; "so he was exiled. There is hardly a Polish family that has not a member or relative in Siberia."

Tea was presently brought out, and over a refreshing cup I learnt much of interest.

"Life has had its sorrows for all," I tritely remarked, musing on our conversation.

"Yes," said Szumowska, handing me the basket of dainty cakes. "Let us sweeten them."

I laughed, and asked if she "felt nervous when playing at concerts."

"You ask me if I know what nervousness means," said this pupil of Paderewski. "I am so nervous before a recital that I am not able to eat for some time previously. Like Paderewski, I feel as if I would rather be buried than go on to the concert platform."

"If your children love music, do not make them artistes," she continued; "it is a very hard life. Yet I love my profession so much that I would not be anything other than what I am."

Szumowska, as a child of three, showed her intense love of music. At this early age she amused herself by picking out tunes on the piano, and was remarkable for her good memory of pieces she heard. Later, as a student under Michalowski at the Warsaw Conservatoire, she made great progress; but Paderewski was the teacher that opened up and made music a living force to her, and through him she first came to a clear understanding of her powers and expectations. I listened with interest as she quietly and earnestly spoke of the brilliant virtuoso's influence on her career.

"I first knew him in Warsaw about ten years ago, and he then gave a few lessons. When my father died it was uncertain if I should go to Paris or Vienna. I went to Paris, and again met Paderewski at the house of my relations and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gorski. He was good enough to take me as his pupil. There is not another teacher like him, and nearly all I know I owe to him." The tones of her voice and the look on Szumowska's face gave evidence of the debt she felt she owed to the genius of her countryman.

Earnest, thoughtful and constant practice is the lot of pianoforte virtuoso, although Szumowska "cannot remember the time when she did not play," and her technique, from her early training, must be perfect, yet she constantly practises five hours a day, and frequently before starting on a tour, such as she has been making the past three weeks, eight hours a day. Those who have had opportunities of hearing her play must have understood that it is not mere note-production of a piece of Beethoven's or Chopin's to which they have listened, but that a reproduction of the composer's living thought has been presented to them, such as is only possible to be given by one who, by perfect devotion to music and its poetical aims, has gained an insight into its inner significance.

Before I left, Szumowska played, with the fire and soul which only a true musician can possess, some of Chopin's compositions. Like a magician, Szumowska possesses the power to transmute and transform into transparent crystal Chopin's emotional materials, and by the exquisite refinement of her diction make her hearers understand the thoughts and weird eccentricity of her countryman.

"Who else but Chopin could be my favourite composer?" she replied to my query on this point.

As we were parting I asked her opinion of English audiences.

"I did not think, before I came to England," she replied, "that the English people were so musical, or that they liked such serious music."

Musical life in London.

THIS season, the thirty-fifth of the Popular Concerts, Mr. Arthur Chappell has given his patrons a change of quartet-leaders. At the opening concert, on October 24, the first violin was held by M. Arbos, with whom were associated Messrs. Ries, Straus and Whitehouse. The programme contained nothing save familiar works—the E flat quartet and Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, the pianoforte trio in D minor of Schumann, and songs by Grétry and Thomé. Mlle. Szumowska's rendering of the Pastoral Sonata was a praiseworthy example of refined execution and artistic interpretation. She was thrice recalled to the platform. Miss Liza Lehmann, who had a most cordial reception after a long absence, sang in her best manner, and reasserted her position as one of the most accomplished lyric artists of the day.

The first of the Saturday Concerts was held on October 29. The hall was well filled by the familiar faces that greet one year after year. Beethoven's strikingly original quartet in E minor was rendered by the same artistes who appeared on Monday. The most interesting features of this concert were Brahms' Quartets and Gipsy Songs for four voices, which were given in a most admirable manner by Mesdames Henschel and Fasset, MM. Shakespeare and Henschel. The pianist on this occasion was Mr. Leonard Borwick, who played Schumann's Sonata in F minor.

The quartet was led at the second Monday Concert, October 31, by Fraulein Wietrowetz, an accomplished young Austrian pupil of Dr. Joachim, who fulfilled her share in the favourite quartet in E flat, Op. 12, of Mendelssohn, and in Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in B flat, in a manner which did credit to her training under so distinguished a teacher. Even still more to the taste of the audience, however, was her performance of the slow movement from Dr. Joachim's "Hungarian" Concerto, to which, after a couple of recalls, she was obliged to add one of the Brahms and Joachim Hungarian dances as an encore. Mlle. Szumowska gave an excellent reading of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 109, which was preceded by the 21st of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, and was followed for an encore by one of Schumann's Etudes on Paganini's Capriccios, and the same quartet of vocalists who appeared on Saturday sang Brahms' Vocal Quartets and Gipsy Songs, Op. 112, the last of the Gipsy Songs being encored and repeated.

At the Popular Concert, Saturday, November 5, Mlle. Wietrowetz was again the leader, and Herr Popper the violoncellist, the latter introducing a transcription of Schumann's "Träumerei" and some of his own tasteful trifles. The only concerted works in the programme were Haydn's Quartet in G, Op. 77, No. 1, and Brahms' Trio in C minor, Op. 101. Mr. Leonard Borwick gave an admirable rendering of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1; and Miss Nancy McIntosh, a young soprano, pupil of Mr. Henschel, made a highly favourable impression as the vocalist.

On Monday, November 7, Lady Hallé made her first appearance this season, leading in Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6, and introducing a new Adagio Appassionato in F minor for violin, by Max Bruch, Op. 57. The latter is an effective piece in ordinary first-movement form, written in the composer's best manner. The

original accompaniment is for orchestra. Miss Adelina de Lara, the pianist of the evening, was commendable in Brahms' Scherzo in E flat minor, Op. 4, and joined Herr Popper in Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 58. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist.

Miss Fanny Davies had a hearty reception on Saturday, November 12. Madame Schumann's favourite pupil was associated with Lady Hallé and Mr. Whitehouse in Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in F, Op. 80, and for solo chose Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, playing for an encore Mendelssohn's Caprice in E minor. The programme, which opened with Beethoven's string quartet in F, Op. 18, contained no novelties, but Miss Bertha Moore sang, and Lady Hallé gave a spirited rendering of M. Saint Saëns' Rondo Capriccioso, and for the usual encore Spohr's Barcarolle.

Miss Davies was again the pianist on Monday, November 13, and indulged her devotion to Schumann by introducing his three Romances (Op. 28). It is worthy of note that these pieces, forming one book, and evidently intended for performance at one time, had never previously been so given at the Popular Concerts. Miss Davies is entitled to congratulate herself upon being the first to play in its entirety a work which Schumann reckoned among his best. Signor Piatti made his first appearance, and was accorded a reception such as was justly due to a popular favourite who has now spent but about eighteen months short of half a century in the service of the British public. The solo chosen by the veteran violoncellist was his own transcription of the Violin Sonata in D, by the eighteenth century Italian master, Locatelli. He has frequently played it here before, and performed it in such a manner as to render the demand for an encore more reasonable than it sometimes is at these concerts. The programme, although it contained no novelties, comprised some German lieder sung by Mr. Black, who repeated Schumann's "Spring Night," the same master's string quartet in F, and one of Haydn's pianoforte trios. In Haydn's work Lady Hallé broke a violin string, and was obliged temporarily to leave the platform to have it repaired, but after a little delay the performance proceeded without further mischief.

Schubert supplied the whole of the music at the Popular Concert on Saturday, November 19, when Sir Charles Hallé made his first appearance this season. Several of the sonatas, most of which Sir Charles presented in chronological order at his Schubert recitals last summer are for some unaccountable reason not yet in the Popular Concert repertory; but Sir Charles preferred on Saturday to play the favourite work in A minor, giving for an encore one of the "Momeries Musicaux," and likewise taking part with his gifted wife in the fantasia in C. Miss Fillunger sang several of the lieder, and the programme included the "Death and the Maiden" quartet, led by Lady Hallé. On Monday, November 21, Brahms' delightful "Liebeslieder Waltzer" was the most noteworthy item in the programme.

MR. FREDRIC CLIFFE'S Symphony in E minor attracted a large audience to the third Crystal Palace Concert on October 29th. The score had been revised by Mr. Cliffe since the Leeds Festival; his beautiful orchestral pictures of "Sunset," "Night," and "Morning," were admirably executed, and enthusiastically applauded by the audience. Mlle. Szumowska delighted her hearers with Chopin's Nocturne in C minor and Liszt's Rhapsody, No. 13. Mr. Andrew Black was the vocalist. Mr.

Manns conducted with special care. His zeal for the interests of our native composers was not born yesterday. It is, therefore, scarcely a matter of surprise that he had an extra rehearsal of Mr. Cliffe's Symphony by the full Saturday orchestra, and paid the expenses out of his own pocket. At the concert on November 5, Sir Andrew Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" was performed. Mr. Manns conducted with much intelligence and energy, and a very fine rendering of the work was the result. The fourth concert, on November 12, was one of the best of the series. It opened with Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3. This has often been played by the Crystal Palace orchestra, but never better than on this occasion. Brahms was represented by his "Violin Concerto, Opus 77," and the violin part was excellently performed by Herr Hugo Heermann, a violinist of the highest rank, who returns to us after twelve years' absence as able as ever. His second solo, Jenő Hubay's "Scène de la Czarda," also enabled him to show his mastery of the violin. Mr. Edward German conducted a performance of selections from the music he composed for Mr. Henry Irving when Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" was performed at the Lyceum Theatre. Mademoiselle Antoinette Trebelli sang Verdi's "Ah! fors'è lui" and Tschaiowsky's serenade, "Tout sommeil dans Grenade," charmingly, and was rewarded with abundant applause. November 19, the anniversary of Schubert's death, was observed with a programme devoted to the composer's works. The popularity of Schubert's orchestral music in this country is largely due to Mr. Manns and his band, who are never at greater advantage than in the compositions of the Viennese master, and it therefore need hardly be said that the performance was worthy of the programme and of the occasion. A finer rendering of the great Symphony in C would hardly have been possible; while the lovely Ent'acte in B flat and the Ballet in G from the "Rosamunde" music went equally well. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang several of Schubert's songs, and the baritone had to repeat one of the "Mullerlieder"—"Eifersucht und Stolz"—of which he gave a very fine rendering.

* * *

BEETHOVEN'S Symphony in C minor, the best known and the best loved of the nine, was the principal item in the programme at the first of the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall on November 3. The Symphony was well played, particularly as to the finale, which was given with great spirit. Mr. Henschel gave a charming rendering of Liszt's "Song of Mignon," and Mlle. Szumowska repeated Weber's Concertstück, which she had played at the Crystal Palace only a few days before. The programme also included Berlioz' "King Lear" overture and Wagner's Grand Festival March.

* * *

THE programme put forward by Mr. Henschel at the second Symphony Concert, was marked by judicious arrangement, for which I have nothing but praise, Haydn and Mozart being contrasted with Schubert and Brahms on the one hand and with Wagner on the other. Nothing could have been better than the rendering of Haydn's Symphony in B flat (No. 12 of the Salomon set). It seemed, indeed, as if Mr. Henschel's instrumentalists attacked their task with all the greater zest because of the weightier works that had gone before and were to come after. Haydn brought holiday time for them, as it were, and they did not hesitate to make the most of the sunny hour. Mr. Hugo Heermann was the soloist of the occasion, the Violin Concerto which Brahms wrote for Dr. Joachim in 1878 being his principal essay. Mr. Heermann

mann's interpretation of this work was characterized by abundant breadth and feeling, qualities which were also forthcoming in a different degree in his playing of Mozart's Adagio in E for violin and orchestra. The programme, which commenced with Schubert's Overture in E, written in 1819, but only recently published, concluded with Wagner's "Traume," and an excerpt from the "Gottterdammerung."

* * *

M. DE PACHMANN gave the first of his two recitals at St. James's Hall, on November 2nd, before a large audience of his admirers. The programme was wholly selected from the works of Chopin. The Russian pianist's playing was to some extent spoiled by exaggeration. The scene at the close was of a very cordial nature. At the second recital, November 15, M. de Pachmann attracted even a larger audience, and amused his hearers by his impromptu speeches almost as much as he interested them by his performance of the music of Chopin. The recital began with Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, and ended with Schumann's "Carnival." The Chopin selection commenced with a brief speech. The programme had announced the popular "Funeral March" (from the sonata), the organ arrangement of the trio from which made so profound an impression at Lord Tennyson's funeral at Westminster Abbey. To the general regret M. de Pachmann explained that the announcement was "a mistake in printing," and he played instead the Nocturne in B flat minor, first of the set dedicated to Madame Camille Pleyel. This was followed by the Ballade in G minor and the Impromptu in A flat, after which M. de Pachmann apologized for "making some changes in innocent passages." He then gave an admirable rendering of the fifth of the Studies dedicated to Liszt.

* * *

THE Royal Choral Society gave the first concert of its twenty-second season at Albert Hall, on November 2, when Dvorák's "Requiem" was admirably rendered. The performance was not given under exactly the same conditions as that of the previous season, the society's chorus having been thoroughly overhauled of late. I do not doubt that there was good reason for this, but last year's chorus did so well in Dvorák's work that I am not willing to cast the smallest reflection upon its members. Enough that the body, as at present constituted, is remarkably effective, and gave a splendid account of the choral numbers. The solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills, whose singing could not be improved upon.

* * *

THE best remembered feature connected with the Patti concert on November 10 will be the fog into which the audience emerged. Coming out into the almost absolute blindness of the watery and smoky vapour, it was impossible to believe that so great a crowd could separate without disaster. On the other hand, Londoners are used to fogs, and practice makes proficient. On this occasion the famous singer went a little out of her usual track. "Ardon gl' incensi," it is true, belonged to her old programme, but not so the vocal version of Mascagni's intermezzo, known as "Ave Maria," or a piece, "A Woodland Serenade," composed by Mr. Mascheroni for voice and four mandolins obligati. It is needless to enlarge upon Madame Patti's singing or the reception given to it. Among the artists who appeared with

the popular soprano were Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Novara, and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

* * *

THE fine band of the Royal Artillery, under Mr. Zaverthal, gave a concert at St. James's Hall, on Friday, November 18, before a large audience. The programme included Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, one of Liszt's rhapsodies, and Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite.

* * *

ON the evening of the same day, for the benefit of that excellent charity, the Royal Society of Musicians, a special performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given at St. James's Hall before a very large audience. Founded more than a century and a half ago by a couple of bandmen who were shocked to see the orphan children of a brother oboe player driving milch asses in the streets of London, the society numbered among its original members such men as Handel, Boyce, Carey, Arne, Edward Purcell, Haynes, and Greene, while since that time most English musicians of eminence have figured upon its muster-roll. In regard to the concert it would be a harsh critic who, if any fault could be found, would care to indicate it. Nobody expected a scratch representation of this character to be equal to a performance at Albert Hall, but taking all matters into consideration, Mendelssohn's music received very fair justice. It will suffice to add that Mr. Santley, who despite the advance of years is still the greatest representative of the Israelitish Prophet, once more sang the part of Elijah, and that the other artists were Mesdames Anna Williams, Brereton, Hilda Wilson, and Barnard; Messrs. Piercy, Strong, and Brereton.

* * *

MR. BOOSEY'S 27th season opened auspiciously on November 23, when St. James's Hall was crowded by an appreciative audience, for whose enjoyment he had provided an interesting programme, chiefly composed of ballads, old and new.

An Artistic Piano.

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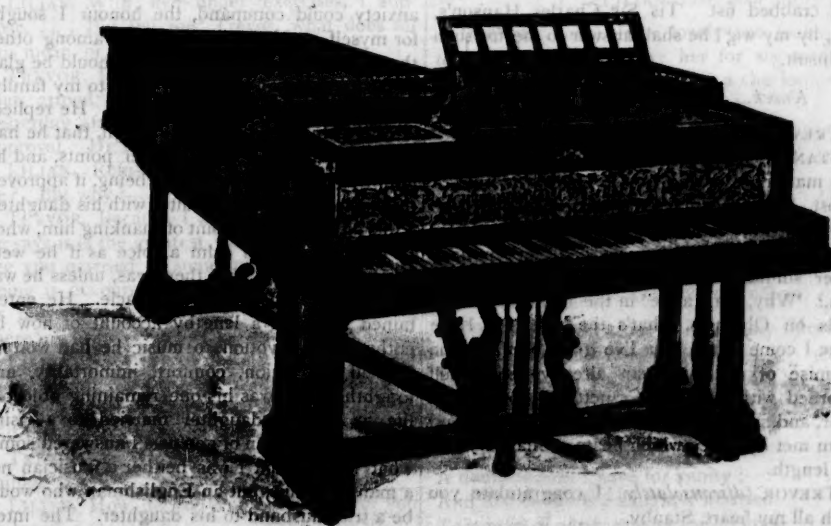
A MR. ATHESTAN, of Kensington Court, evidently agreed with William Morris, who once

said that a drawing-room could not be made beautiful if it contained a piano; that instrument, which so often becomes one of torture under the fingers of the "society girl," being (according to W. M.) a radiator of ugliness sufficiently powerful to mar the loveliness of everything in its neighbourhood. But Mr. Athelstan, whilst he wanted a beautiful drawing-room, wanted also a piano. So he called in an A.R.A., Mr. Jackson by name, and commissioned him to transform the monstrous beast into a thing of beauty which should be a joy for ever. This was two years ago. Mr. Jackson, nothing loath, went to work and succeeded—to an extent which will presently be seen.

The making of the instrument was left in Messrs. Broadwood's hands; the decorating was done by Mr. Bessant, Charlotte Street, Portland Place. Say Messrs. Broadwood: "The first thing that will arrest the attention of the pianist, when seated at the keyboard, is the unusual appearance of the sharps, or black notes. Truly there is nothing new under the sun." These sharps, chequered with ivory inlays, and naturals 'arcaded,' are a bold attempt, on the part of Mr. Jackson, to revive a style in vogue in the 'good old days' in the keys of the precursors of the piano. . . . Mr. Jackson has, in this piano, generally substituted angles for curves in the outline of the body of the instrument, although not in the decorative details. Thus, instead of being bulged out in the usual way, the tail, or small end of the piano, terminates in an acute angle, harpsichord fashion."

Then Mr. Jackson has amputated the creature's legs, which have so annoyed English artists and American dames, substituting "a stand of a rich black (or, rather, dark brown) walnut." He has veneered the outside of the instrument with purple wood, stained an "exceedingly dark green," and "the effect of the natural dye in the wood, combined with the chemical used, produces the effect of a very fine old ebony." In short, Mr. Jackson has in every detail done something "new"; and though the result is open to the objection (?) that it is a hotchpotch of many styles, yet it is a delightful change from the terrible and weird machine that has so often delighted the ears and excruciated the eyes of this generation.

One thing is to be hoped, that after Mr. and the "Hon. Mrs." Athelstan, "of Kensington Court," have gone to such expense, and given Mr. Jackson, Messrs. Broadwood, and Mr. Bessant such enormous and (I hope) lucrative labour, they will occasionally play on their precious possession.



VIEW OF PIANO—KEYBOARD END.

(From the tentative drawing of Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A.)

Outwitted.

—:0:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR CHARLES HANSON, ex-Professor of Music.
TREVOR JARDINE, barrister-at-law, in love with Lilian Hanson.
ROBERT JARDINE, his brother.
AUGUSTUS STANBY, friend of Trevor Jardine.
LILIAN HANSON, daughter of Sir Charles Hanson.

SCENE I.

TREVOR JARDINE'S chambers in the Middle Temple. Breakfast laid. On the table the morning paper. Enter TREVOR JARDINE.

TREVOR. [*Glancing at the clock.*] By Jove! no letters yet, or has the post passed? How slowly the clock moves when one's impatient! The postman's a veritable cripple this morning. For an hour past I've lain in bed, deciding whether 'twere easier to lie there and wait, or to pass the time at breakfast. Now I'm resolved, and up, and yet I must still wait. Begging the question indeed? And why, gentlemen of the jury, may not I beg the question, or—'Tis weary work waiting; what does the *Thunderer* say? [*Reads aloud from Agony Column.*] "All may yet be well—Martha." "Forgive and forget—Your Edward." "Return, and all will be explained—Jacob." "Wait till the clouds roll by—Tom." What fools there are in the world! Why can't people just be patient? Thunder seize that postman! will he never come? Ah! Lilian, if you only knew, my darling, how every minute seems an hour to me! [*Begins his breakfast.*] I will be reasonable. A thousand things may have happened to prevent her writing by return. My letter may have been delayed in the post; she may not have had time; her father—but if he dared to intercept my letter! Dared? What would the old curmudgeon not dare? Written on ruled paper though it is, he would care little for courtesy, if the whim took him. What would he not do? He has the right, too, if he chooses. [*A knock.*] At last! [*Flies to the door, returns with several letters. Sits down, looks hurriedly at the handwriting on the envelopes. Sinks hopelessly in his chair, and proceeds to look through them again more carefully. At last seizes upon one and glares at it.*] Great heavens! my letter returned unopened. Whose writing is this on the envelope? It is not Lilian's: such fingers could never pen such an unkind address, nor write such a villainous and crabbed fist. 'Tis Sir Charles Hanson's, and, by my wig! he shall answer to me for such an insult.

Knock. Enter AUGUSTUS STANBY.

TREVOR. You, Stanby?

STANBY. Good-morning, Jardine. Why, what's the matter, my dear boy? Have you seen a ghost, lost your first and only case, been to Exeter Hall, eaten unwholesome oysters for supper, got a bailiff in your bedroom, or have other similar blessings in disguise lighted on you? Why, man alive! in the name of all the gods on Olympus, what's the matter? Here have I come to tell you I've got a brief, or the promise of one, and can already see myself adorned with silk, a Q.C., netting thousands a year, and snubbing solicitors right and left, and I am met by a face which beats a Chancery suit for length.

TREVOR [*disconsolately*]. I congratulate you with all my heart, Stanby.

STANBY. Why, man, it isn't a hanging case, that you should pipe your congratulations after

the manner of a jaundiced judge in the black cap. But let's drop my affairs for the nonce, and, since it is settled I am to become an eminent Q.C., let me cross-examine you. [*Reaches Trevor's wig and gown from a peg and assumes a professional air.*] You are a barrister of the Middle Temple, I believe—briefless? Exactly! Plaintiff in the present suit, for no man would wear such a visage who had been the aggressor. And you prefer a suit against—

TREVOR [*half angrily*]. Sir Charles Hanson, and the devil take him!

STANBY. Sir Charles Hanson is, or was until recently, I believe, well known as a professor of music and a composer. He was, if I remember, knighted a short time ago?

[TREVOR nods assent moodily.]

STANBY. Perhaps you would prefer to make a statement to the court?

TREVOR. And if I do, 'tis this. Sir Charles Hanson has a daughter, one Lilian Hanson, a girl of rarest beauty and goodness, whose presence would turn the stoniest cynic to a willing subject, whom, to state the case calmly and without prejudice, to see is to love. And I saw her, have seen her often, with her father's fullest knowledge. She is the—

STANBY. Allow me! To see the defendant's daughter was to love her, and you, the plaintiff, saw her. But you plead against the father, what? That the daughter was beautiful, or that you saw her?

TREVOR. That Sir Charles Hanson, having allowed me to see the divinest creature on earth, and to gain a glimpse of a paradise for which I admit I am not worthy—

STANBY. Allow me! Is this your suit against the defendant—that you are not worthy?

TREVOR. That Sir Charles Hanson did with cruelty and malice aforethought tear me from my bliss.

STANBY. This, then, is the suit—that the defendant did tear you from your bliss?

TREVOR. And that on a plea, for a reason strange and foolish in the last degree.

STANBY. Namely?

TREVOR. That I am not a musician, and no man should marry his daughter who is not a musician, with prospect of being knighted.

STANBY. Now we are coming to the point. How did the defendant, Sir Charles Hanson, convey this resolution to you?

TREVOR. I saw him yesterday—

STANBY. Will you detail to the court what transpired at the interview between yourself and Sir Charles Hanson?

TREVOR. The interview began by my putting to Sir Charles, in such chosen terms as my anxiety could command, the honour I sought for myself, and by my mentioning among other things that, if he would let me, I should be glad at the right time to satisfy him as to my family, my means, settlements, and so on. He replied, after a fashion courteously enough, that he had no doubts as to any of the latter points, and he admitted the possibility of my being, if approved by himself, a successful suitor with his daughter. I was already on the point of thanking him, when he continued in as calm a voice as if he were negotiating a sale, that there was, unless he was mistaken, an insuperable obstacle. He entertained me with a lengthy account of how by enthusiastic devotion to music he had won for himself reputation, comfort, immortality, and knighthood; it was his one remaining object in life to see his daughter married to a rising musician, to a man of genius. I answered somewhat warmly that I was neither a musician nor a man of genius, but an Englishman who would be a true husband to his daughter. The interview ended by Sir Charles Hanson dryly requesting me not to attempt an impossible

argument, and to oblige him by not referring to the matter again.

STANBY. Was that all?

TREVOR. I think he added, with a smile for which I could have killed him, unless I could show that I had begun to carve a niche for myself in the great temple of music.

STANBY. You do not think, do you, that Sir Charles has some other objection, and is merely using this as a blind—no other suitor favoured by the daughter, for instance—no family objection?

TREVOR. The former is impossible, as I know from Lilian's own lips; and as to my family, Sir Charles knows absolutely nothing.

STANBY. You think the father is in earnest?

TREVOR. Here is proof enough—a letter I wrote to Lilian returned by the father unopened.

STANBY. Ah! [*Reflects.*] In that case, as your counsel, I can only advise you to petition the court for an injunction to restrain other suitors from pressing their suit upon the father until you have composed an opera or sung in church choir, or something.

[*Melancholy silence follows. STANBY takes off the wig and gown. Both smoke.*]

TREVOR. Let us talk of other matters now. Tell me about your brief.

STANBY. Before the trial comes on, you will probably have heard enough about that. Tell me news of your people. How is that wanderer in foreign climes, that brother of yours—Robert?

TREVOR [*absent-mindedly*]. Robert! Robert! I had forgotten his existence, though he's my twin-brother. I scarcely know where he wrote from last, 'twas three months ago. He was in Paris then, I believe. [*Pause. Then TREVOR springs wildly to his feet, catches STANBY by the hand, and shakes it frantically.*] Gad, man, what a fool I am! What fools we both are!

[*Whispers in STANBY'S ear. Latter reflects a moment, then jumps up, and the two execute a war-dance round the room.*]

SCENE II.

SIR CHARLES in his study in the agonies of composition, apparently seeking an inspiration. In the end he throws himself back in his chair, smiling.

SIR CHARLES [*triumphantly*]. The irreconcilable is at last reconciled; the idea is gradually taking shape. In another moment I feel it will find expression in immortal sounds.

Enter a SERVANT with a card.

SIR CHARLES [*fiercely*]. What is the meaning of this interruption? Have I not given the strictest orders that I am not to be disturbed in the morning?

SERVANT. The gentleman insisted, sir—

SIR CHARLES. Insisted, indeed! A gentleman insisted on disturbing a musician—insisted on interfering with the production of an immortal work! Who is he, then? Unless it were the spirit of Wagner himself, I would never forgive it—at the moment, too, of all moments when genius— But who is this intruder? [*Glances for first time at card.*] Mr. Trevor Jardine! Tell him I cannot see—

TREVOR JARDINE enters unannounced; exit SERVANT.

TREVOR. I sincerely beg your pardon, Sir Charles, for disturbing you so rudely. I should not have dared, if I did not believe that a part at least of my message will not be altogether displeasing to you, and that in a matter where time is everything, you will forgive me.

SIR CHARLES. Your visit was certainly not

expected, Mr. Jardine. I hope that I did not fail to put my answer in the matter of which you spoke to me yesterday in plain terms?

TREVOR (*humbly*). Your words were quite plain, Sir Charles; indeed, so plain that they have been ringing in my ears ever since. You told me things which were new to me, and which have already, I think, brought a new light into my mind. If you will allow me just a few minutes, I should like to ask your advice professionally in a step which I have decided upon taking.

SIR CHARLES (*somewhat mollified*). My answer with regard to your proposal for my daughter's hand was final; but if in any professional capacity I can be of use to you, I am at your service. Still, I do not understand in what way one who is not a musician can stand in need of my advice.

TREVOR. It is, however, to you in your professional capacity, as to a sovereign in the realm of music, that I am coming. You may remember your saying yesterday that the fine arts are the highest product of human genius, and that music is the greatest of these fine arts. Do you remember the reason you gave then why this is so, and why in the end you doubt not music will be a *sacred cult, and musicians kings*? The thought was quite new to me. You said it was because the highest part of a man's nature must ultimately dominate him, and the highest part of every man's nature is his musical instinct, which every man possesses, although he may have lacked the opportunities necessary to its development.

SIR CHARLES. You have almost quoted my words. The idea was new to you, was it?

TREVOR. I assure you it came to me like a revelation, and it seems to me truer than anything I ever heard, and in the light of this great truth I recognise the justice of your decision as to Miss Hanson.

SIR CHARLES. You are a more reasonable young man, Mr. Jardine, than I gave you credit for. I said that my life had been devoted to the greatest of the arts, and that I had resolved that my daughter, if ever she married, should marry a man whose whole soul and being was devoured by the same sacred passion as myself, in whom, too, I could think there might be some sparks of musical genius.

TREVOR. I have said, Sir Charles, that I bow to your decision, and acknowledge its justness. I have not come to ask at your hands what I admit in the light of the great truth you have revealed to me it is impossible and unjust you should grant, but to hear, if I may, something more of that same doctrine of yours which will, I verily believe, change the whole course of my life.

SIR CHARLES. On what points do you seek information?

TREVOR. Do you really think that everyone has some musical instinct, some musical capacity?

SIR CHARLES. Indeed I do!

TREVOR. And do you regard it as nobler for a man to be an indifferent musician than the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Prime Minister, or a distinguished general?

SIR CHARLES. A true musician can never be indifferent; what is more, I hold that if a man is really filled with musical inspiration he will never be a mean performer.

TREVOR (*crestfallen*). You think, then, it would be impossible for a man of twenty-four, however diligent he might be, to become a musician.

SIR CHARLES. Probably. If such a case did happen, it would furnish proof for some development of my theories which I have not ventured to make public.

TREVOR. Sir Charles, in spite of the difficulties which I know beset the path, I have

resolved in the inspiration of your teaching to seek to become a musician. I have decided to go to some foreign Conservatorium.

SIR CHARLES. Mr. Jardine, I admire your resolve, and I shall watch your experiment with interest. And since I am your musical godfather, I require that you bring me your first composition, though it be six years hence.

TREVOR. Sir Charles, if your teaching be true, why may it not be in six months?

SIR CHARLES. Such a thing has never been done. But if it should happen, what a confirmation of my theories!

A knock at the door. Enter LILIAN HANSON.

LILIAN. I beg your pardon, papa; I thought you were alone. I came to tell you that Sir Arthur McJoachim has called to see you, he says, on most important business. He is in the drawing-room.—Good-morning, Mr. Jardine!

SIR CHARLES. I will go to him. I will return in a few minutes, Mr. Jardine, when we will discuss your plans.

[Exit SIR CHARLES.]

LILIAN. What plans have you been discussing with papa, Trevor?

TREVOR. Which Conservatorium I am to go to.

LILIAN. Conservatorium! What do you mean, Trevor?

TREVOR. The fact is, Lilian, I am to become a musician.

LILIAN. A musician like papa, and be a professor! Then I won't marry you!

TREVOR. No, darling, not a sovereign among musicians like Sir Charles, though filled with the same sacred flame and enthusiasm for the greatest of the Fine Arts; my whole being bent on melodies and airs and tunes, my soul finding expression in quavers and crotchets. Won't you recognise me, Lilian?

LILIAN. I'll teach you your notes, Trevor; and you can come here every day and practise your scales, and I'll ask some friends in to hear you. Won't it be fun?

TREVOR. No, Lilian; you are to marry somebody higher up, some musician who will be knighted.

LILIAN. And you, Trevor?

TREVOR. I shall be busy composing hymn-tunes, writing pianoforte manuals, and feeding on inspiration generally.

LILIAN. Won't you find it rather dull?

TREVOR. Dull! How could I be dull with the sacred fire burning me through and through, and learning every day how to conquer the great musical heart of humanity?

LILIAN. With five-finger exercises, I suppose. . . . But tell me, Trevor, what does all this mean, or are you only teasing me?

TREVOR. It means simply this, my darling, that, armed with your consent, I came here yesterday afternoon to ask Sir Charles for his approval. He refused me point-blank.

LILIAN. Refused you, Trevor! How could he? But why?

TREVOR. Because I am not a musician, and he says it is the greatest wish of his life now to see you married to some man whose soul and being is devoured by the same sacred passion as himself, and in whom, too, he could think there might be some sparks of musical genius.

LILIAN. So you are going to be a great musician for my sake. I would ever so much rather you'd stay a barrister. What a time you will be!

TREVOR. Six years at the least, Sir Charles thinks.

LILIAN. How do you know I'll wait for you so long?

TREVOR. That's just it, Lilian, and so I am

going to do it in six months, darling. In six short months I shall come back to you an accomplished musician, and bring Sir Charles an original score. . . . But I won't tease you any more; this letter explains all. *[Hands her a letter.]* I've sworn to have you, and if your father's consent can't be obtained in one way, it shall be in another. You remember my twin-brother. He shall prove Sir Charles's theories, and I will marry you. It is quite simple, if you only promise to wait six months for me, Lilian.

LILIAN (*reading from the letter*).

"Middle Temple.

"DEAR BOB,

"Almost as soon as you get this letter I shall be looking you up in Paris. What's the good of our being twin-brothers, and as like as two peas, unless we can help one another when up a tree? The tree I'm up is this. The dearest and truest of girls has promised to marry me, but her father, the famous musician, Sir Charles Hanson, won't hear of it, because I'm not a musician like himself. So I'm coming over to Paris for six months to work at the Conservatoire, only I shall read law instead at the Sorbonne, and then in six months' time I'm going to bring you back with me and your best and latest musical production. Sir Charles Hanson does not know I have a brother, and will give his consent to you. Then I'll step in and marry Lilian. It's my only chance, and it's got to come off. More when I see you.

"Yours,

"TREVOR.

"P.S.—Lilian, you will admit when you see her, is as charming and pretty as Sir Charles is disagreeable and unreasonable. It's a terrible thing to leave her for six months, but it's my only chance."

TREVOR. You will wait for me, won't you, Lilian?

LILIAN. I don't know, Trevor. I don't like your making fun of papa. Is there no other way?

TREVOR. No! I wrote you a letter at once after leaving your father yesterday, and to-day it was returned to me unopened. You will wait, Lilian?

LILIAN. I'll see.

[Exit LILIAN.]

TREVOR (*downcast*). Surely she will wait. Is she angry with me? What else can I do? Nothing. If I could only see her again one minute!

LILIAN (*opens the door very quietly, looks in, and whispers*). Yes!

[LILIAN closes door softly.]

TREVOR (*alone*). How lovely she looks this morning! And to leave her for six months! But if the plan succeeds, what a checkmate for Sir Charles! Ah! here he comes.

SCENE III.

Dining-room at Sir Charles Hanson's. Quiet wedding-breakfast. Among those present SIR CHARLES, TREVOR JARDINE, MRS. JARDINE (Lilian Hanson), ROBERT JARDINE (best man), AUGUSTUS STANBY, and others.

SIR CHARLES (*rising*). 'Tis only meet on such a day as this,

When double joys are ours, to forego
The wonted rites and customs, and to pay
Our homage to the mistress of our life—
To Music, fair dispenser of all good.
A double cause I have for vanity;
And first to see my daughter married
To a man of parts, talents and genius.
But this I own the lesser joy, for next

We celebrate the triumph of our queen.
Six moons ago my son-in-law knew not
The rudiments of music, and to-day
He is a talented composer—chang'd
By the witchcraft of an inspiration,
Prompting to a single-hearted pursuit.
My son-in-law by marriage, he is more—
My godson in the realm and state of Music.

In him my theories find voice; the years
To come will see him my coadjutor,
The prophet's mantle on his shoulders fallen.
To Music!

[The toast is drunk.]

ROBERT JARDINE. I hardly know how to reply
to this,
A toast made famous by the noble words

Of one crowned with the laurel wreath of song.
Some moods there are too deep, too great, for
words.

These song expresses. Such my present mood,
And I would answer in a simple song
I learnt abroad.

(Sings.)

Robert Jardine's Song.

pp leggiero *cres.*

1. In a land far, far a-way, On a lovely summer's day,
2. receive a father's eye, Or a father's love to try,
4. In a land not far a-way, On a lovely summer's day,

1. Love strove with song Which the great-er spoil could tell, Bind a sub-ject by a spell
2. Such the game. Which a maid-en's heart could bind, Which a fa-ther's love could blind,
4. Twins were born. Can you now my rid-dle read, Or do you as I do—sist-ance need?

1st time. Last time. Third verse.

1. None could loose. 2. To do. 3. It chanced up on that
2. All in sport. 4. Take it not.

3. day, Peace not so far a-way, Heard all that they said.



SIR CHARLES. A pretty song, Mr. Jardine! Your voice, though, is marvellously like your brother's. What does your riddle mean?

AUGUSTUS STANBY (*rises*). Sir Charles, I am, as you know, nothing but a barrister, and it is second nature in me to hold a brief, when I can get one. I confess that I hold one now to explain to you that same riddle. Mr. Trevor Jardine and Mr. Robert Jardine are the twins; both have severally deceived a father's eye, and they have conspired to try a father's love. The lover bound a maiden's heart, while the musician blinded a father's affection. They throw themselves on the mercy of the judge, and pray only that music may yield herein to the gentle sway of peace. One thing more. The defendant offers to indemnify as far as is in his power by asking you to accept his brother Robert as your "godson in the realm and state of music," just as you have accepted himself as your son-in-law in the state and covenant of marriage.

SIR CHARLES (*smiling*). My daughter, my sons, my friends, you are young; you wear your hearts upon your sleeves and tell what you see. When you are older, perhaps—perhaps you will see some things of which you will not speak. It may be they will give you contentment, which, like Robert Jardine's mood, can only find utterance in song.

The First Shot.

WITH God's help (and Messrs. Archer's), Ibsen has been thrown to the Ibsenites—who are aggrieved. Their voice is heard in the land. All manner of unfairness—they themselves say it—has been practised upon them.

We know the Ibsenite of old. Before Ibsen was, he was; and he will not pass with Ibsenism. Throughout the ages is he perpetually reincarnated—in varying form, but ever in essence the man who wants to *know*. He would grasp and understand, reduce to rule, the elusive principle of beauty. In poetry he seeks the *raison d'être* and the moral of life. Hence a poem or a drama is to him an ethical disquisition; hence Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson satisfy him not, nor is Mr. Swinburne, nor even Mr. Henley, modern enough. They all leave the problem untouched, leave unsaid the decisive word, the answer to life's riddle, the "name" that shall unfold the nature of things. Disappointed in English literature, the Ibsenite looked abroad. In originals or translations he hewed his way through German, French, Italian—without result. Still remained Russian and Norwegian. But Tolstoi was "discovered," translated, boomed; and the truth was not found in him. Yet at last, not the word, but promise of it, was found in "Ghosts," "The Doll's House," and "The Pillars of Society." The heart of the Ibsenite rose. If (he imagined) Ibsen says so much when on the outskirts of the great ques-

tion, what distinctness of utterance may we not expect when he deals with the question itself? Yea, acquiesced the learned, the all clarifying spell-word is spoken in "Peer Gynt"—the "Scandinavian Faust," and much else. "Peer Gynt! Peer Gynt!" cried the many-headed Ibsenitish beast; and the cry went up unto Messrs. Archer—who looked from their factory-window and tossed their translation into the market-place. The crowd shrieked joyfully, eagerly dissected and analyzed—and, lo! not there, not even there, was the promised word found. Tempted to the last scene, the last line, the Ibsenite dashed on full of hope, merely to shatter himself against that inexorable wall in large black type, "The End"! And it had been so easy to contrive a finale which should make clear at once the fate and significance of Peer. Instead, we get "a shirking, not a solution, of the ethical problem." The fantasia ends with an unresolved discord. The question, "What becomes of Peer Gynt?" remains a question indeed. So "Peer Gynt" has no moral, and life is no clearer than before. Well may the Ibsenite wail, and tread his master in the mud of the market-place.

The non-Ibsenite sits at home to reflect. He thinks on the noble works done in his days and in the old time before him. "The Iliad," "Prometheus Bound," and "Antigone" rise before him, and "Hamlet" and "Paradise Regained." He meditates "Christabel" and "Hyperion," and cons some more certain verses of "Adonais." He considers the "Last Tournament," "Atalanta in Calydon," and some perfect work of more recent appearance. He cannot find or remember an instance of the statement of an ethical problem for its own sake. The masters, it seems, ever builded, and build now, for beauty's sake alone. And to the non-Ibsenite it gradually becomes apparent that neither statement nor solution of ethical problems is at all the poet's business, which is simply to create beauty by throwing old words and ideas into new relations. Whatever interest the ideas may possess to the moralist, the murderer, chemist or botanist, to the poet as poet they are, in themselves, valueless. To ask their meaning is to ask the painter the chemical composition of his pigments. A voice from the market-place: "Why, then, do ethical problems form so large a part of poetry?" They do not. The subject-matter of poetry and ethics is necessarily life; the same terms must serve both; hence the confusion. The beautiful picture—is it painted that the chemist may scrape off its colours to distil, fuse, analyze? Every day, every hour, the moral lecturer thus defaces lovely arrangements of words, and no one smites him, no lightning flashes from heaven. Even when an ethical problem does occur, it is merely one of the factors from which the last result, beauty, is evolved. Instance the form of tragedy in which fate comes upon the hero in the shape of a sphinx-problem concerning life, which he must work out in deeds or die. Here the problem is part of the stage-machinery. "How shall Hamlet perform the ghost's command?"

"How shall Hamlet climb out of this gravel-pit, twenty feet deep?"—what matters the question, so long as Hamlet cannot figure it out? Take the hypothetical case of a poet who lays aside the lyre to expound the moral question, to explain the nature of gravel-pits. Why, he would bore us—being only an amateur—and he would destroy the impression of all that had gone before. "Look you," he would say, "I've fooled you this long time. Hamlet could have escaped the evil at the beginning—thus!" We all know we are fooled by every work of art; but we love not to have it brought home so suddenly; we like to think the author is fooled too. To sum up: The sole justification of a work of art is its beauty. Of the factors no explanation is relevant, of the whole no moral possible.

Having so examined, the non-Ibsenite rises and speaks. Thus to Ibsen: The Lord save you from your friends! You call yourself artist; they place you on the plane of the writer of temperance dialogues. Think of it, "Henrik Ibsen, author of 'John Barleycorn,' 'The Enemy of Society,' and other works of an instructive and moral tendency!" And thus to the Ibsenites: If Ibsen be a poet, you are fools to look to him for moral philosophy. If he be moral philosopher, he is a fool to write dramas, and you won't get what you want from a fool—will you? Yet despair not, take courage, brothers! Still are there undiscovered literatures. Your hope, it may be, will some day be fulfilled. Has not a professor "gone into the interior of Africa to study the language of apes?"

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MR. ASHTON ELLIS, editor of the official organ of the Wagner Society, is authorized to state that there will be no performances at Bayreuth next year. In looking back over the achievements of the present year, Mr. Ellis congratulates the Master's admirers upon the fact that at the festival a "round of four great works" was carried out with a reverence which is nowhere found outside of Bayreuth. "With a business manager," he continues, "such as Anton Fuchs, conductors such as Levi, Mottl, and Hans Richter, chorus directors such as Kniese and his subordinates (among whom we must not forget Carl Armbruster), and above all, for supreme directing head, Frau Cosima Wagner, the Bayreuth presentation of Richard Wagner's works, is secure from any falling off." It appears from Mr. Ashton Ellis's statement that the notion of mingling the male and female members of the choruses, in lieu of keeping them distinct, originated with Madame Wagner. The result is a more natural appearance of the grouping on the stage, together with a blending of the voices such as has never been heard before. Mr. Ellis reminds us that this same device is applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the tenors and basses in the Pilgrims' Choruses; so that we do not have "a ragged tag" of one quality of voice alone left on the stage when the remainder of the chorus has marched off.

Golden Sands.

—:0:—

*I watched the sunlight pass away,
And in a dream it seemed to me
The shadows gath'ring gold and gray
Were sands beside a silent sea.
Broad sands, whereon no children played,
And far-off sea, no boat can reach—
Sands over which no lovers strayed,
No rising tide can kiss the beach.*

*While gazing on these golden sands
I saw the faces loved of yore;
My fancy pictured other lands,
And dear departed friends once more.
Such music floated o'er the sea,
Ne'er heard by any mortal ears,
As from those golden sands to me
Came all the love of other years.*

*The sunset shadows passed away,
The darkness fell, the sun went down,
Mid phantom clouds sank gold and gray,
And stars peeped out above the town.
But oh! my heart! the time is near
When thou shalt meet in those far lands
The friends of many a bygone year,
Who wait beyond those golden sands.*

MAGGIE FOREMAN.

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The Price of Fame.

—:0:—

IT was Christmas Eve, and as usual the little town of Bernstein was holding high festival. The market-place was crowded with gaily-lighted booths, which were doing a roaring trade in toys, holly, coloured tapers, and every variety of gingerbread. Though the thermometer was several degrees below zero, and the snow lay so deep that the droschkies had been taken off their wheels and converted into temporary sleighs, the whole population seemed to be in the streets, those who had money to spend thronging the market and the shops, while those who had none contented themselves with a sight of the good things displayed in the windows. Parties of young men and women were returning from their afternoon's skating on the Grosser Teich just outside the town, while the more devoutly disposed were pouring out of the little Lutheran church. A special musical service was always held on Christmas Eve in the Kreuz Kirche of Bernstein, which was justly celebrated for the excellence of its choir.

The Kapellmeister, Anton Rosenberg, was quite a young man, and unusually gifted. Thanks to his natural talent and untiring industry, he had attained a remarkable proficiency on his favourite instrument, the violin, and was also a good performer on the organ and piano-forte. The town was proud of its young genius, and the well-to-do among the inhabitants showed their confidence in his powers by entrusting him with the musical education of their children. Young Rosenberg was looked upon as quite a rising man in Bernstein. It is true that his salary as Kapellmeister was infinitesimal, and that the fees he received for his lessons would have been thought beneath contempt by a fashionable music-master. But, then, life at Bernstein was a very simple matter; there were no appearances to keep up, and no one thought it necessary to outshine his neighbour. Anton Rosenberg's income was not only sufficient for the needs of himself and his widowed mother, but it had been agreed that he might very soon, without undue rashness, ask Suzan Bechmann,

to whom he had been betrothed for nearly two years, to name the day that, in conventional language, should make him the happiest of men.

All things considered, Anton might well have been content with his lot, and considered himself a very fortunate youth. As a matter of fact, however, he held no such opinion. On this particular Christmas Eve he walked home after service without stopping to speak to one of his numerous acquaintances. On entering his little parlour, he found it occupied only by his mother, who was dozing in her easy-chair behind the stove. The room was warm and cosy; round the pictures and window-frames holly and ivy had been trained, and on the table stood a little Christmas-tree, all ready to be lighted up when Suzan, the guest of the evening, should arrive. The young man put away his violin-case, and then, sitting down, leant his head on his hand, and gave himself over to moody reflections. His mind was occupied with a scene he had witnessed the previous evening. A grand concert had been given in aid of the town charities, and the famous pianist, Blenkendorf, who was a native of Bernstein, had come from Berlin and given his services for the occasion. Anton Rosenberg, among other local artists, had been invited to perform, and the young man was conscious that he had played his very best, but his efforts had been rewarded with but scant applause. The audience had reserved all their enthusiasm for the distinguished stranger. He was called and recalled again and again; wreaths and bouquets were showered upon him; and, after all was over, his carriage had been dragged to his hotel by a mob of youthful admirers.

Anton remembered the scene with envy and bitterness of heart. He knew that the hero of the evening had once been an obscure youth like himself, but he had enjoyed the advantage of a training at the Leipzig Conservatoire, where he had won prizes and scholarships, and quickly made his way to fame and fortune. Anton believed that, with the same opportunities, he too might gain a like success. He was conscious of possessing unusual talent, if not genius, and he felt intuitively that he only needed better instruction, and more leisure to work at his favourite instrument, in order to become a great artist. If he were alone in the world, with no one dependent upon him, he would throw up his appointment, and betake himself to Leipzig, where his small savings would serve to maintain him for a couple of years at least. But with his mother entirely dependent on him, to say nothing of his approaching marriage, it seemed hopeless to think of such a plan. He was condemned to pass his life in poverty and obscurity.

His thoughts were interrupted at this point by a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," called Anton, thinking that Suzan had got away earlier than she expected. But the door opened to admit a stranger, a tall, dark man, who bowed courteously, and said in smooth tones:

"I must apologize for this intrusion, but I could not resist taking the opportunity of calling on the talented young artist whom I had the pleasure of hearing last night."

"Indeed, it is no intrusion," returned Anton, flushing with pleasure at this flattering address.

"I am something of a connoisseur in music," continued the stranger, "and I recognised directly you began to play that you were a young man with a future before you. With more thorough training, there is nothing to which you may not aspire. Your performance roused in me so deep an interest that I felt constrained to call upon you and advise you, as a friend, to bury your talents no longer in Bernstein. Go

to any great city, place yourself in the hands of the best master, work hard for two or three years, and then—well, Paganini will have to look to his laurels."

Anton's eyes glittered, and his breath came quicker.

"I only wish I could take your advice," he said. "But it is impossible; I have ties that keep me in Bernstein."

He glanced at his mother, who continued to sleep peacefully, undisturbed by the stranger's entrance, and at the photograph of Suzan which hung upon the wall.

"Do you think that fame is to be had as a free gift, that no sacrifices need be made to obtain it?" asked the visitor, with a sneer. "Do you imagine that one so gifted as yourself owes nothing to his art? You must not allow weak, sentimental feelings to blind you to your best interests. Your path to glory may, in the beginning, lead over the hearts of those who love you, but when you have achieved success you will be able to indulge your tender feelings as much as you please. Here is my card. If you make up your mind to follow my advice, I may be of some use to you in your professional career. Meanwhile, I will wish you good-bye and good luck."

He bowed again, and vanished from the room as quickly and as noiselessly as he had entered it. Anton sat and reflected on the advice he had just received. In his heart he longed to follow it. Only a feeling of shame held him back. He looked at his mother. She was not an old woman, but she was delicate and fragile, and her whole being was wrapped up in him, her only child. If he left her to carry out his plans, she would not only be alone, but destitute. He told himself that she would no doubt be received into the Mariastift, a charitable institution that had been founded for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the townspeople. But he dared not face the thought of the anguish she would feel at the loss of her son, the breaking up of her little home, and the necessity for accepting charity in her old age.

Then there was Suzan, his pretty Suzan who loved him so truly, and whom he loved with as much devotion as he could spare from himself and his ambition. It would be a bitter wrench to part from Suzan, perhaps never to see her or hold her in his arms again. He felt as though he should be acting like a thief in taking for his own use the money he had laid by for their marriage. But just then the words of the stranger came into his mind: "You owe something to your art. You must not let weak, sentimental feelings stand in your way."

No doubt that was the sensible way of looking at the matter, the point of view of the man of the world. Besides, he told himself, though his mother and Suzan might suffer for a time, the course that he was contemplating would be the best for them in the end. When he was rich and famous he would return and give them all the comfort and happiness that money could buy.

With this thought he tried to soothe his uneasy conscience. He went to the drawer where he kept his savings, and unlocked it. Yes, there was enough, he calculated, to keep him at Leipzig for two years at least. He could live on very little, and might be able to add something to his means by giving lessons, besides the possibility of winning a scholarship. He was still engaged in reckoning up his probable expenses, and comparing them with the sum he had in hand, when he heard his name called. He turned round with a guilty start, and hastily closed the drawer. His mother had just awoke from her nap.

"Ah, I see what you are doing," she said,

smiling. "You are counting up your little hoard, and calculating how soon a certain happy event can take place. Suzan will be here directly, and she can help you to count."

As she spoke a light step was heard on the stairs, there was a hasty knock at the door, and Suzan ran into the room, her cheeks glowing from the frosty air, her blue eyes shining, and her fair hair curling under her warm hood.

"Here I am at last," she exclaimed. "I could not get away before; I had to put the children to bed. Oh, I am so glad you waited to light up the tree till I came. Why, Anton, how tired you look; the excitement of last night must have been too much for you. But how beautiful it was, and how splendidly you played! Everybody was saying that your performance was next best to Herr Blenkendorfs."

"Everybody is very kind," returned Anton grimly. That "next best" made him wince.

Suzan was too happy herself to notice her lover's gloomy mood. She busied herself with making the coffee and lighting the tapers on the tree. There was a small pile of parcels on the table at the foot of the tree, containing the Christmas gifts for the little party. When the time came for these to be opened, great was the delight of the two women at the beauty and usefulness of the various articles. They were mostly of home manufacture and of infinitesimal value, except for the loving thought and care that had prompted every stitch. Anton tried his best to show a proper amount of pleasure and gratitude for the presents that fell to his own share, but he was conscious that his efforts were not very successful. He felt vexed and humiliated by the shabbiness of the gifts he had bought for his mother and Suzan, though these had seemed both pretty and appropriate when he had chosen them only a few days before.

When the supper was cleared away, Suzan, much to her lover's relief, begged for some music. With the new thoughts and desires that were surging through his mind, he found it impossible to join in the cheerful talk of the two women, or listen calmly to their discussion of plans for the future. He took out his violin, and played piece after piece, while he tried to come to some decision as to his future course. He wished his mother would not look at him with such loving, trustful eyes; he wished Suzan were not so pretty and so sweet. How could he bring upon them such suffering as his loss would cause them? But once again he reminded himself of the sacrifices that must be made on the sacred altar of art.

At last the time came for the little party to break up.

"You have been good to play to us so long," Suzan said. "This has been such a happy Christmas Eve. And to-morrow will be such a happy Christmas Day. I shall wait for you at the foot of the organ-gallery, after church; and then, you know, you and Frau Rosenberg are coming home with us to dinner."

Anton dared not trust himself to speak, but he kissed her—it might be for the last time—feeling as though she must guess his traitorous thoughts. As for his mother's good-night blessing, it stung him like a scourge.

When he was left alone he sat thinking until the clock struck twelve. Then, with the air of one who has taken a sudden resolution, he rose, went to his desk, and began to write. The first part of his task was easy enough. It was only a letter to the church authorities to inform them that, in consequence of his being suddenly called away from Bernstein for an indefinite period, he wished to resign his post as Kapellmeister at once. The second letter cost him much time and anxious thought. It was to his mother. He explained that after long deliberation he had

come to the conclusion that it would be to the best advantage, not only of himself but also of her and Suzan, if he spent two years at Leipzig in cultivating his talent, so that he might be enabled to take a higher place in his profession than would be within his reach if he remained at Bernstein. He begged her to forgive him for leaving her in what might seem a heartless manner, but he had thought it better to spare them both the pain of parting. He told her that he had left a sum of money, sufficient for all present expenses, in his desk, and he hoped to send her more as soon as he was settled at Leipzig.

In the letter to his mother he enclosed a note to Suzan, which, though very short, was far the most difficult to write. He assured her of his love and fidelity, and implored her not to think harshly of his conduct, but to wait for him till he returned rich and famous, to make her and his mother the two happiest women in all Germany.

When this, the worst part of his task, was performed, he went to his room and began quickly and noiselessly to put together a few articles of clothing. It was early morning before all his preparations were complete. Then, having placed the little bundle of notes that constituted his savings in his breast-pocket, he took up his bag and violin-case, softly opened the door, and, feeling like a thief and a murderer, stole out into the cold gray of the wintry dawn.

Once more it is Christmas Eve, but ten years have passed away, and the scene is laid, not at sleepy Bernstein, but at Vienna, gayest and brightest of all capitals. The musical season is in full swing, and to-night the fashionable and the artistic world has flocked to what is justly considered one of the chief events, musically speaking, of the year, namely, the concert given by the famous violinist, Anton Rosenberg. Rosenberg has succeeded in winning the hearts of the most critical dilettante of Vienna. The concert-hall re-echoes with their plaudits at the close of each piece; the great artist is encored again and again, and nearly overwhelmed with laurel-wreaths. When all is over, he is taken in the carriage of the wealthy amateur, Graf Lerinsky, to the hotel, where a splendid banquet is to be given in his honour by the members of the most aristocratic club in Vienna.

"I used to fancy that there was no such thing as unalloyed happiness," remarked Graf Lerinsky, who sat on the right hand of the guest of the evening; "but I think your case must be an exception, Rosenberg. You have youth, health, genius, fame, fortune; you can have nothing left to wish for, you most enviable of mortals!"

"Yes, I suppose I ought to be very happy," replied the young artist mechanically; but his face wore an expression of weariness and melancholy that belied his words. "I have got my heart's desire, I have achieved success beyond my wildest hopes; of course I must be happy, only one cannot always realize one's own good fortune."

"Good fortune is not the same thing as happiness," put in an elderly man, who had been listening to the conversation; "did you never hear of the people who had the desire of their hearts and leanness withal? Besides, in your list of blessings, Graf, you forgot to enumerate the most important of all—love."

"No, it was not forgetfulness, it was discretion," laughed the Graf. "Besides, considering that all the belles of Vienna have done their best to smother our friend with wreaths, I thought it scarcely necessary to call attention to his most obvious good fortune."

An hour later Anton was alone in his fine comfortable suite of rooms in the most expensive

hotel in Vienna. If his friends and admirers could have seen him then, perhaps they would not have thought him so deserving of envy. He had taken from his desk two papers, and was reading them as intently as if he had not long since known them by heart. The first was a short letter from the authorities of the Maria-Stift, at Bernstein, dated less than a year after his departure, informing him of the death of his mother in that institution. She had called for him continually during her last hours, and died with his name upon her lips. The second paper was a newspaper cutting, dated two years later, and containing the announcement of Suzan's marriage to a former friend and schoolfellow of his own.

The Christmas bells were ringing merrily outside, as the famous artist sat in his lonely room and passed the events of the last ten years in review. How successful he had been, to all outward appearance! No stumbling-blocks had lain in his path towards fame; his career from the moment of his first appearance in public had been one long triumphal progress. People had admired him, envied him, fawned upon him; only one thing had been wanting. He had never been able to win pure, disinterested love from either man or woman since the day that he had deserted his mother and his promised wife. He had lived alone in the midst of all the glitter of applause and homage, without one true friend to share his triumphs or rejoice over his good fortune. He reminded himself once again that he had gained the desire of his heart, the object to which he had sacrificed all else; but the Christmas bells seemed to answer in scornful mockery: "And leanness withal! and leanness withal!"

Years rolled by; the fame of Anton Rosenberg waxed until he stood on the topmost pinnacle of his profession; money and honours poured in upon him, so that he seemed to be the spoilt child of fate. But there is one ill from which the most favoured of men is not exempt. To the celebrated artist as to the unknown toiler, old age comes at last. The fingers grow stiff, the eye dim, the hand unsteady; younger rivals rise up, and the old lion is forced to give way to the new. There came a time at length when even Anton Rosenberg was compelled to realize that he was no longer the famous violinist, the idol of the public, but only a lonely old man, forgotten by the thousands who once had flocked to hear him, without either wife or child to care for him in his declining years. The fortune that had been so lightly earned had been as lightly spent, and in his old age he found himself not only alone, but in actual want. Too proud to ask for aid from those who had known him in his prosperity, he maintained himself for a time by teaching; but as his eyesight failed, his pupils dropped away, and at last he found himself without the means to procure even the bare necessities of life.

Once more it was Christmas Eve. Anton Rosenberg sat in the one poor room in a Berlin lodging-house which now constituted his home, and tried to look the future in the face. He must make one last effort to earn a livelihood, or, friendless and penniless as he was, he would be turned out into the streets to starve. Only one resource was left to him. With a sinking heart he took his violin from its case; it was not the splendid Stradivarius which had been the companion of his triumphs—that had been sold long before—but a cheap German instrument, with which he sometimes whiled away the long hours. Then wrapping his threadbare cloak around him, he went out into the night, and wandered up and down playing the simple melodies of which his stiff fingers were still

capable. A few coppers were given him by kind-hearted people, who pitied the frail, white-haired old man for the hard fate that compelled him to fiddle for a livelihood in the cold and the darkness at that season of general gladness and rejoicing.

Presently the snow began to fall fast, the streets were deserted, and the faint, tremulous music of the violin ceased. The old fiddler tried to grope his way back to the house where he lodged; but numbed and exhausted as he was, his limbs refused to carry him, and he sank down at last to rest under the shelter of an archway. The wind rose, and the snow drifted over the body of the old man, who slept as soundly as though his white coverlid had been made of the warmest swansdown.

A day or two later a paragraph appeared in the papers which created a great sensation in the musical world. It was to the effect that the once celebrated violinist, Anton Rosenberg, had died of exposure on Christmas Eve in the streets of Berlin. The public, which had seemed entirely to have forgotten its old idol, evinced the warmest interest and sympathy in his tragic fate. Funds were freely subscribed for a magnificent funeral, which was attended by the leading musicians of Germany, and by delegates from the most important musical societies. An imposing monument was erected over the grave, and a memorial tablet was placed on the house in which the great artist had first seen the light. To the new editions of all the musical dictionaries and biographies were added at least six lines commemorating the birth, brilliant career, and melancholy end of Anton Rosenberg, who thus in death, as in life, received his full meed of the fame for which he had paid so high a price.

How to Study Beethoven's Rondo in G.

MY friend Marshall-Hall has at various times plentifully explained how to play Beethoven in the blues, Beethoven tearing his hair, wildly waving his umbrella and prophesying woe, Beethoven just before, and sometimes just after, reaching exploding point. But in this rondo the sulphurous Beethoven is far away. Here we have the placid, good-humoured, loving—we may almost say "spoony"—Beethoven. Though pervaded by a gentle, longing melancholy, a "sense of tears," though at one time a wave of passion seems impending, the prevailing atmosphere is one of calm and loving tenderness. To rightly render this demands at least as much skill, as much patient and careful study, as to smash a grand in the endeavour to interpret some orchestral piece full of sound and fury, often signifying very little.

When the phonograph is perfect—and cheap—instead of an article explaining how to play our piece for the month, every reader will receive a tinfoil or wax-cylinder record of Paderewski's, or Rubinstein's, or Bulow's playing of it, by placing which on his machine, and turning a handle, he will perhaps learn more than he can from fifty pages of mere description and instruction. But the hour is come, and not the phonograph; and meantime I advise the student to learn what he can from this sketch, but to remember that his best teachers are the great players, and he cannot go to hear them too often, or observe them too closely when he does go.

First the technical difficulties must be overcome. Playing the piece again and again in an *absolutely colourless manner*, a rational fingering must be adopted, the time of any intricate pas-

sages determined, the crossing of the hands practised until it is done with perfect smoothness. For instance, the time and fingering in bar 2 should be thus:



Again, the scale passage beginning at bar 30 requires very careful study, and the alternations of triplet-quaver passages with passages made up of notes of the ordinary length, make the minor section very "tricky." Then, at the repetition of the principal theme, this time in A flat, three quavers are to be played by the right against three by the left hand. To do this, absolute independence of the hands is required. It is absolutely useless to count six semi-quavers to each crotchet, giving two to each right-hand note and three to each note played by the left, as advised by certain teachers. There is no time to do that. Each hand must go its own way. The student whose hands run after each other must patiently work at exercises until he gains more independence. Finally, the two scale passages, one just before the resumption of the major key, and another a few bars before the end of the piece, must be practised until they can be played with smoothness and certainty. All this time the student is supposed to be practising without *fortes*, *pianos*, *rallentandos*, or *accelerandos*. By the time, however, he has surmounted these preliminary technical difficulties, he will have felt that certain variations of tone-volume, certain accents, certain hurrys or slackenings of the time, are required to make sense of some passages. This feeling, and Beethoven's expression-marks, are the only sure guides. Yet it will often be felt that a passage requires to be played in a different manner, but in what way different it seems difficult to discover. Let me note one or two cases of the sort.

At bars 3 and 4 occurs this phrase:



Shall it be played with an accent on the first or the second note of each group? We try both methods, and neither is satisfactory. Now, usually when a master repeats a phrase of this kind he *intensifies* it, and from this intensification we often may learn how to play the phrase in its original form. Here, then, Beethoven repeats his phrase in this form:



and we see at once that no accentuation whatever is needed. Played in a colourless manner, the rise in pitch and the effect of syncopation of the second note gives it exactly the accent required. Another such passage is the new theme introduced at bar 25. The first bar must be played lightly, crisply, the second smoothly; and there should be no *accel.* or *rall.* Many like instances must be thought out by each student for himself. The golden rule is not to rest satisfied until every passage is played so as to mean something to your inner self.

All I have said refers to detail. But it must not be forgotten that each section of this rondo has a relation to the other sections. You may play each section perfectly, feeling the emotion expressed; and yet, for want of an accurate sense of the emotional sequence, your rendering of the rondo may be, on the whole, "patchy." The dominant feeling throughout is good-humoured melancholy. At bar 11 it becomes

more passionate, and at bar 25 we get an expression of the sweetest rapturous exaltation in one of the loveliest passages ever written. Then the moods sink down to the original feeling (bar 43) and still lower in the minor section; but even here tones of playful good-humour are heard amidst those of passionate plaint. Smiles are always breaking through, and at bar 70, with a sigh, Beethoven gives up the attempt to be moody. He plays restlessly with his different themes awhile, but with the resumption of the major key the original feeling is completely restored. There is almost intolerable longing at bars 103-4-5; but that, too, is merely momentary. The mood becomes more and more triumphant; and after a last attempt to grumble, the composer laughs in spite of himself, and ends abruptly with the conventional cadence.

It will be seen, then, that there must be no tearing one's soul into fiddle-strings—restraint is needed. The young pianist's difficulty will be twofold: first, to avoid weakness on the one hand, and, on the other, not to become so excited that recovery of a dignified demeanour is impossible; secondly, by carefully *felt-out* variations in tone-volume and pace, to bind the various sections together into a complete whole, special attention being given to the transition passages.

The Autocrat of Music.

IT is not far short of forty years since the Autocrat, acting as his own Boswell, gave the world the benefit of those theoretical, moral, and didactic monologues with which he rejoiced the breakfast-table of his Boston boarding-house. The Autocrat, at a ripe old age, is still the pride and delight of his fellow-countrymen; but on this side the Atlantic a new generation has sprung up, to many of whom the genial egotist is but a name, who never loved the school-mistress, respected the old gentleman who sat opposite, shuddered at the irreverences of the young man called John, or felt the divinity-student's head. The Autocrat has become a standard work, almost a classic, and as such has been relegated in many libraries to the top shelves of the bookcase. But he is worth taking down and tasting from time to time to see whether his flavour is as fine as ever, or whether the lapse of years has robbed him of his delicate aroma.

Such a trial will prove beyond a doubt that the Autocrat was at least a generation in advance of his fellows. At the present day, though America can produce fine singers, and proves in the most practical way that she can appreciate great artistes, her ideas and opinions upon music, and still more her mode of expressing them through the medium of her newspapers, sound, to European ears, a trifle crude and unformed. The Autocrat held forth upon music, as upon a variety of other topics, in the "fifties," and even then his utterances were mellow. Not that he attempted anything like technical criticism; but his references to the art, few though they be, show such tenderness, sympathy, and insight, that we could not fail to recognise in him the practical musician as well as the music-lover, even had he not told us that, having himself a well-marked baritone of more than half an octave in compass, he not infrequently practised the divine art with his landlady's daughter, who was the owner of an accordion. Moreover, he declares that he had taken up the fiddle in his old age, and satisfied himself that he could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

But it is when the Autocrat begins to discourse seriously of fiddles that we feel ourselves in the

presence of the true musician. He reminds us that "certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and used." Of the latter he names three—meerschau pipes, violins, and poems. After a short rhapsody upon meerschau pipes, he launches out:

"Violins, too—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivarius! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow-hand lost its power, and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more, and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents, from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *dilettante*, who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music, stained through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies that have kindled and faded on its strings."

The following passage shows the kindly nature and the open mind of the genial Autocrat, and is not without its little moral for the carping critic and the man of prejudice:

"I have often seen pianoforte players and singers make such strange motions over their instruments or song-books, that I wanted to laugh at them. 'Where did our friends pick up all these fine ecstatic airs?' I would say to myself. Then I would remember My Lady in 'Marriage à la Mode,' and amuse myself with thinking how affectation was the same thing in Hogarth's time and in our own. But one day I bought a canary bird, and hung him up in a cage at my window. By-and-by he found himself at home, and began to pipe his little tunes; and there he was, sure enough, swimming and waving about, with all the droopings and liftings and side-turnings of the head that I had laughed at. And now I should like to ask, Who taught him all this?—and me, through him, that the foolish head was not the one swinging itself from side to side, and bowing and nodding over the music, but that other which was passing its shallow and self-satisfied judgment on a creature made of finer clay than the frame which carried that same head upon its shoulders?"

Our Autocrat surpasses himself, musically speaking, when he uses the art in simile and illustration. How impressive and realistic is the passage in which he warns us to be careful whom we trust with the key of our side-door! "Every person's feelings," he tells us, "have a front-door and a side-door." The fact of possessing a key to the side-door renders even those who are dear to us very terrible at times. "You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones, touching the naked nerve-pulp as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most

accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labours, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already."

Speaking in the character of "My friend, the Poet," the Autocrat tell us:

"I am but a hand-organ man—say, rather, a hand-organ. Life turns the winch, and fancy or accident pulls out the stops. I come under your windows some fine spring morning, and play you one of my *adagio* movements, and some of you say, 'This is good; play so always.' But, dear friends, if I did not change the stop sometimes, the machine would wear out in one part and rust in another. 'How easily this or that tune flows!' you say; 'there must be no end of just such melodies in him.' I will open the poor machine for you one moment, and you shall look. Ah! every note marks where a spur of steel has been driven in. It is easy to grind out the song, but to plant these bristling points which make it was the painful task of time. I don't like to say it, but poets have commonly no larger stock of tunes than hand-organs; and, when you hear them piping up under your window, you know pretty well what to expect. The more stops, the better. Do let them all be pulled out in their turn."

The Autocrat comes out strong on the subject of voices, and, though he deals rather with the speaking than the singing voice, his remarks on the subject are well worth recalling, more especially since patriotism has not dulled his ears to the fact that the voices of his country-people are not generally agreeable. He accounts for this failing by the theory that "the marrowy organisms, with skins that shed water like the backs of ducks, with smooth surfaces neatly padded beneath, and velvet linings to their singing-pipes, are not so common among us as that other pattern of humanity with angular outlines and plane surfaces, arid integuments, hair like the fibrous covering of a cocoa-nut in gloss and suppleness, as well as in colour, and voices at once thin and strenuous—acidulous enough to produce effervescence with alkalies, and stridulous enough to sing duets with the katyids." This is plain speaking with a vengeance, and one would imagine that for some time after such sentiments appeared in print the author went in fear of his life.

The Autocrat relents a little, however, in the next paragraph, for he continues: "There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness. They made me feel as if there might be constituted a creature with such a chord in her voice to some string in another's soul, that, if she but spoke, he would leave all and follow her, though it were into the jaws of Erebus. Our only chance to keep our wits is, that there are so few natural chords between others' voices and this string in our souls, and that those which

at first may have jarred a little by-and-by come into harmony with it. You may call the story of Ulysses and the Sirens a fable, but what will you say to Mario and the poor lady who followed him?"

The Autocrat goes on to tell the company whose were the two voices that so bewitched him. They both belonged to German women! The first was a chamber-maid, not otherwise fascinating, who was summoned to give information concerning the missing door-key of the Autocrat's room, and to hear her "wonder and lament and suggest, with soft liquid inflections and low, sad-murmurs, in tones as full of serious tenderness for the fate of the lost key as if it had been a child that had strayed from its mother," was so winning that, had her features and figure been as delicious as her accents, the Autocrat declared that he would have drowned himself in Lake Erie, "since it is better to accept asphyxia, which takes only three minutes by the watch, than a *mésalliance* that lasts fifty years."

The second ravishing German voice had, said the Autocrat, "so much woman in it, *muliebrity*, as well as *femineity*; no self-assertion, such as free suffrage introduces into every word and movement; large vigorous nature, running back to those huge-limbed Germans of Tacitus, but subdued by the reverential training, and tuned by the kindly culture of fifty generations. Sharp business habits, a lean soil, independence, enterprise, and east wind are not the best things for the larynx."

Probably we could all tell of certain sounds, not always beautiful in themselves, but which strike delightfully on the ear by reason of the memories and associations with which they are connected. Though we may never have the opportunity of hearing a huckleberry hailstorm, we can all sympathize with the Autocrat when he tells us:

"I like to go to operas and concerts, but there are queer little old homely sounds that are better than music to me. . . . Suppose a good, clean, wholesome-looking countryman's cart stops opposite my door. Do I want any huckleberries? If I do not, there are those that do. Thereupon my soft-voiced handmaid bears out a large tin pan, and then the wholesome countryman, heaping the peck measure, spreads his broad hands around its lower arc to confine the wild and frisky berries, and so they run nimbly along the narrowing channel until they tumble rustling down in a black cascade, and tinkle on the resounding metal beneath. I won't say that this rushing huckleberry hailstorm has not more music for me than the 'Anvil Chorus.'"

HIGH-CLASS music does not have much charm for the Waterloo Road, although "Poverty Corner," in that thoroughfare, is supposed to be the headquarters of the light and airy school of song so prevalent on the variety stage. For thirteen years the organist of St. John's Church has on Monday evenings given a recital of the best music, with the laudable hope of popularizing the works of standard composers and of elevating the public taste of the neighbourhood. The result of this well-meant and disinterested endeavour has proved singularly disheartening. A correspondent, who visited the church on a recent Monday night, found in the edifice, which seats about 1,500 people, an audience of less than fifty. The appearance of the deserted church during the organ recital was sad in the extreme, but the musician went through his task bravely. There is no service—only music—and the collection for the organ fund is purely voluntary. Unless better patronage be afforded, it is to be feared that Waterloo Road will stand in danger of losing whatever musical reputation it possesses.

"A Love-Song" and
"A Song of Fate."
"If Me Thou Lov'st."

MUSIC SUPPLEMENT.

OF these two little songs of mine, one, "A Love Song," presents no difficulties to pianist or singer. Technically, it is easy; and a gentle glow of tender feeling, rising to a climax at the words "How steadfast that image," is required to be kept up throughout.

But the other, the "Song of Fate," is very difficult indeed, both for singer and pianist. Technically, the latter has not much to do, but he must not be dismayed by the consecutive 5ths in the opening bars and later. They are there for a purpose. But the singer who attempts this song needs all the skill he (or she) has to carry him (or her) through. For instance, the words "is quiet now" must be sung *pianissimo*; and there must be no change of quality in crossing the registers. Then, again, to get the required deep but soft tones and the gradual *crescendo* on the words "In all the tree-tops, hearest thou" demands a highly cultivated voice. Something of dramatic feeling must be put into "wait, wait," which should be sung *fortissimo*, with a *suggestion* of the speaking voice. And last, care must be taken to get the tone pure, thin, and vibrant at the phrase "Thou too shalt rest," the word "too" receiving just the necessary slight accentuation.

The difficulties of the song, indeed, are principally those of getting the necessary tone quality; volume and agility are not demanded.

Goethe's words are representative of that strange double feeling we all have at times. He is chilled to the heart by the death-like quiet, the absence of life, when suddenly it is borne in upon him that the unlovely stillness means rest, and "thou too shalt rest." The two moods, the hate and love of death, blend; the hater and the lover eye one another as strangers, and it seems impossible that they are one and the same being.

This mood I have tried to express in my music. The player must guard against putting any pathos into the opening bars, and the singer against becoming sentimental when he sings "Thou too shalt rest." Solemn wonder is the dominant feeling.

The accompaniment of the dainty, rather Schumannesque song by Miss Lizzie Reynolds must be gently sung on the piano. Its melody is every whit as important and beautiful as that given to the voice. This, too, must sing throughout the first verse, every phrase being delivered *legato* and *piano*. But at the words "a weary child" the style becomes a trifle more declamatory and passionate. That is only for a moment, however, and from the words "so careless" the feeling slowly subsides into one of gentle rapture at "if me thou lov'st," which must be sung, if I may say so, almost to one's self. A high degree of cultivation of the voice is unnecessary; but the softer tones must be produced freely, and the breath well managed. And to make an effect the words "if me thou lov'st," on their repetition, must be uttered in something between the speaking and singing voice. Note, too, that there must be no "high-note" nonsense at the end. The last phrase, and especially the last note, must be sung softly.

Of both Mr. Charlesworth's songs there is nothing more to be said than that the softer tones of the voice are to be much used, and that to do this the breath must be very carefully managed. Sympathy more than high powers of execution are required.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A Bunch of Roses.

THE following story is told of Mademoiselle Falcon, who was one of the famous prima donnas of the Paris Opera in the middle decade of this century, and who "created" the part of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable":

Towards four o'clock on a fine September afternoon, in the year 1837, the diligence rolled into the little town of Chaumont, in Bassigny. Two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, were anxiously awaiting its arrival, in the hope of being able to continue their journey to Paris that night. But they had neglected to secure their seats beforehand, and there was only one vacant place in the diligence. As the ladies did not wish to be separated, there was nothing for it but to reluctantly make up their minds to pass the night at the best inn that the little town could boast.

"You will be able to leave by the diligence that reaches Chaumont at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said the clerk at the bureau. "I can reserve you two places in the coupé."

The places were accordingly taken, and booked in the names of Madame and Mademoiselle Duplessis.

"Now," said the elder lady, as soon as this business was concluded, "we must try and find a hotel. What shall we do if we can't get taken in anywhere?"

"Oh, there is no fear of that," said the friendly clerk. "But if you dislike the idea of passing the night at an inn, I can give you the address of a house near at hand, where you can get very comfortable lodgings, and where the landlady will serve you with an excellent dinner."

"The very thing!" said the young lady. "Do let us go there, mother; it will be much pleasanter to stay in a quiet house than at a provincial inn."

Madame Duplessis agreed to the suggestion, and, following the porter who carried their luggage to a house but a few doors off, the travellers soon found themselves installed in two pleasant, well-furnished rooms.

"Will you sup in your own room, ladies?" inquired Madame Jacquet, the cheerful-looking landlady, who had received the strangers as if they had been long-expected guests rather than mere birds of passage.

"We should prefer it, if it is not too much trouble," said Madame Duplessis. "Anything you have in the house will do for us; we are not difficult to please."

"I thought a trout with cream sauce, a roast partridge, and a sweet omelette, might be to your taste," suggested the hostess.

"A supper for the gods!" said the young girl gaily. "The mere mention of such good things reminds me how hungry I am!"

Madame Jacquet went off to her kitchen to prepare the repast, the first course of which was served half an hour later. When the more serious business of the meal was over, and dessert had been placed on the table, the sound of a piano was heard in an adjoining room.

"You have a musician in the house," said Mademoiselle Duplessis to her hostess.

"Yes, it is my son," replied Madame Jacquet, with evident pride.

The girl listened to the music for a few moments.

"Your son has great talent," she said at length. "He is playing that passage from Mozart with perfect execution."

Madame Jacquet beamed with pleasure.

"My son has always had a taste for music," she said. "He is only eighteen, but he has

studied hard ever since he was a little fellow of ten. He plays the violin and the flute as well as the piano. We spent a great deal on his instruction, but we were never able to afford to send him to Paris. It is the dream of his life to go to Paris. He has taught himself more than such masters as we were able to give him, and now he is a teacher himself. Four years ago the idea occurred to him to unite in one musical society twenty of the young men of the town, and to start an orchestra, of which he is the leader. My former master, M. le Comte de B——, gave the necessary sum to buy the instruments. Thanks to my son, mademoiselle, our little town now possesses an orchestra which is considered excellent by all who understand such matters."

"That is a very good work," said the young lady. "Your son deserves the gratitude of his fellow-townsmen."

"Yes, indeed, mademoiselle. And, then, our band often has the opportunity of coming to the aid of the unfortunate; the members are always willing to help in a charitable project. This evening, for example, they are going to give a concert for the benefit of a poor woman who has lately been left a widow with five children, the eldest of whom is only eight years old."

"How very sad!" said the elder lady.

"Yes, madame, sad indeed. The husband was a mason, well known to all in the town as a good husband and a steady workman. Only a month ago he was at work on the tower of St. Jean. How it happened will never be known, but by some accident the scaffolding gave way, and the poor man was dashed on to the pavement below. He was taken up shattered and bleeding, and only survived the fall a few hours. My son and his friends were anxious to help the widow and orphans, so they organized the concert which will be given to-night in the big room of the Town Hall, which the Mayor has put at their disposal. Unfortunately, in spite of all their trouble, they have only been able to dispose of about sixty tickets, and more of three francs than five. Ah, madame, how I should like—if I dared—"

"You would like to offer us some tickets for the concert," said Mademoiselle Duplessis good-humouredly. "Why not? We will certainly take two at five francs."

"Do you intend to go to the concert?" asked her mother.

"Oh no," replied the girl; "but we can take part in this good work without being present. Will you kindly ask your son to let us have two tickets, Madame Jacquet? Perhaps he would bring them to us himself, and I should like to see the programme of the concert, too."

Madame Jacquet left the room with a radiant face. A moment later the sound of the piano ceased, and then came a gentle tap at the door of the guests' room.

"Come in," cried Madame Duplessis.

The door opened, and the young musician appeared.

"My mother told me——" he stammered.

"That I wished to have two tickets for your concert this evening," said Mademoiselle Duplessis, smiling. "That is quite true. I don't wish to be left out of such a good work."

She drew a little purse from her pocket, and, placing a louis in the young man's hand, said:

"Please add this to the sum you are collecting for your protégés."

"I thank you most heartily in their name, mademoiselle. Here are the four tickets."

"Oh, two will be enough for my mother and myself," she returned. "I hope you will be able to dispose of the others to someone else."

"Will you do us the honour of being present

at our entertainment?" asked the young musician shyly.

"We cannot promise, monsieur, as we are rather tired after our journey, and we have to leave for Paris to-morrow morning."

"And, then, a concert in a little provincial town is not a great attraction."

"I don't say that at all," replied the young lady. "Paris has not the sole privilege of possessing good artists. You yourself are a proof to the contrary."

"Oh, mademoiselle—"

"Yes, indeed; I heard you play just now, and I am musician enough to be able to appreciate your talent."

"It is little enough, mademoiselle. It is only when one has worked hard and studied music for years that one fully realizes one's own incompetence. I have never been in Paris, but I would give ten years of my life to spend a few days there, and hear the great artists of the opera, such as Adolphe Nourrit and Mademoiselle Falcon. That would be happiness indeed!"

"Well, M. Jacquet," said Mademoiselle Duplessis, "I hope you have brought the programme of your concert to show me."

"Here it is, mademoiselle."

She took the paper, and glanced quickly through it.

"Why, how is this?" she asked, in surprise.

"You have only one lady singer."

"You forget, mademoiselle, that Chaumont is a very little place, and that we are obliged to do the best we can with the materials we have at hand. There are several ladies in the town who sing very well, but they do not like to appear in public. Madame Sully, who is going to sing to-night, has a good voice, and is a fair musician. At my urgent request she consented to sing for us, but it is a great effort to her."

The young lady reflected for a few moments.

"Monsieur Jacquet," she said at last, "my mother and I will go to your concert, and, if you like, I will be your second singer. My friends tell me that I sing tolerably well."

"Oh, mademoiselle!" said the young man, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "How can I ever thank you enough? It will be only too great honour—"

"Well, well, then, that's settled. Now you must tell me what I had better sing."

She opened a trunk, and took, from among other songs, the romance "Il va venir" from "La Juive," and the whole score of "Robert le Diable."

"Here," she said, "what do you say to the romance of Rachel, and for a second piece that of Alice out of 'Robert.' Va, dit-elle, mon enfant?"

"Nothing could be better," replied the young man, looking slightly surprised. "Those are the two songs in which Mademoiselle Falcon has made her greatest successes. But I hope you will allow me to try through both pieces with you once or twice, in order that I may not accompany you too badly."

"I am not afraid of that. How much time have we?"

"The concert begins at eight o'clock, and it is now half-past six; so we can devote at least half an hour to a rehearsal."

He led the way to a little sitting-room, in which stood a small old-fashioned pianoforte. The rehearsal began with the romance from "Robert." Before the end of the first verse, where the singer repeats the words: "Sa mère va prier pour lui," the accompaniment came to an abrupt conclusion. The player rose from his seat, evidently overcome by some strong emotion.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "why did

you not tell me? I cannot be mistaken—you are a great artist."

"Say rather a humble singer, monsieur, to whom people are kind enough to attribute some little merit. But let us go on with our rehearsal."

After each song had been taken through twice, the young singer declared herself quite satisfied, and expressed her conviction that all would go well at the evening's performance.

At eight o'clock the concert began with an operatic overture, played by the orchestra. Only one hundred out of the two hundred seats were occupied, but among the audience were numbered the Préfet and his wife, as well as all the *élite* of the little town.

The programme was gone through uneventfully till the last piece in the first part was reached. Then the conductor, M. Jacquet, rose, and said that he had much pleasure in announcing that a second soloist had kindly offered her services. The lady, he continued, was a stranger who happened to be passing through their town, and who, having heard of the deserving case which they were endeavouring to aid, had expressed her desire of being permitted to join in the charitable work.

There was a ripple of applause in the hall when the little speech came to an end, and then a breathless silence as a tall and beautiful girl was seen to leave her seat and step upon the platform. Unlike the amateur singers whom they were accustomed to hear, the new-comer appeared perfectly self-possessed as she curtseyed to the audience, and then signed to the accompanist to begin the symphony. With the first bars of the song a thrill seemed to run through the audience, though all listened in religious silence till the last note of the refrain at the end of the first verse died away. Then a positive tumult broke out. All present rose to their feet, the short people clambered upon chairs, and the applause was deafening. The interruption lasted more than five minutes, but at length quiet was restored, and the singer was allowed to finish her romance. Then the uproar began again. Hats were waved, tears were shed by the emotional, and new kid gloves were split by dozens. The singer, on descending from the platform, was warmly thanked and congratulated by the Préfet and the other notabilities of the town.

No one knew the name of the charming stranger. Even the best-informed musical connoisseurs of the town were at a loss. On only one point were they agreed—namely, that they had just been listening to a genuine artist, a prima donna with a voice the like of which they had never heard before.

"Perhaps it is Malibran," said one.

"No, Malibran died last year," said another; "but it might be Mademoiselle Falcon."

"Or Pasta," added a third.

"Or Grisi," said a fourth.

"Or Madame Dorus-Gras," said a fifth.

They mentioned all the great singers of the time, one after the other, which proves that none of them recognised the stranger. At length they questioned M. Jacquet.

"Her name is Mademoiselle Duplessis," he replied.

This information was rather a blow to the self-esteem of the would-be connoisseurs. They could not understand how it was that they had never heard of a prima donna named Duplessis.

At the end of the first part of the concert there was a pause of half an hour, and, according to the usual custom, the whole audience left the hall to seek amusement or refreshment in the interval. In less than ten minutes it became noised abroad in every quarter of the town that

a young singer of extraordinary talent had been singing at the concert in the town-hall, and that she would be heard again in the second part of the programme. This news created quite an excitement. In an instant the cafés and restaurants were deserted, and all the inhabitants of the town who could afford the price of a ticket stormed the doors of the hall like an enemy attacking a fortress. They quarrelled and jostled each other over the unsold tickets, and in a few moments the receipts were tripled. When all the seats were disposed of, a crowd still thronged the doors, which were left open in order that the disappointed ones might have a chance of sharing in the treat.

At last the concert began again, the first pieces being listened to with indifference by the audience. But when the unknown singer again appeared upon the platform, she was greeted with another storm of applause. She sang the lovely melody from "La Juive" with exquisite charm and pathos, and her triumph was complete. But while the hall resounded with shouts and clapping there arose a demand from at least a hundred voices for the romance from "Robert le Diable." As has been said, the hall had filled between the first and second parts, and therefore two-thirds of those present had not heard Meyerbeer's beautiful air. The singer felt, perhaps, that she owed some mark of recognition to such an enthusiastic audience, for she remounted the platform, and sang the romance as she alone could sing it.

During the interval between the parts, a servant had brought in a magnificent bouquet of roses, which he handed to the Préfet's wife. It was composed of from twenty-five to thirty blossoms—crimson, yellow, and white—which were literally the last roses of summer; for the garden at the Préfecture had been stripped in order to supply a bouquet worthy of her for whom they were intended. Everybody guessed the destination of the flowers, and, for once, everybody was right. When Mademoiselle Duplessis descended from the platform, the Préfet's wife stepped forward and presented her with the roses, at which gracious act there was another round of applause.

As the singer was returning to her seat, a gentleman remarked, in tones loud enough to be overheard:

"I would give a louis for one of those roses."

The young girl stopped, struck by a sudden idea. She went back to the platform, took a salver on which water had been brought to the singers, placed one rose from her bouquet upon it, and then, carrying it to the gentleman who had spoken, said:

"Here is your rose, monsieur."

The young man sprang to his feet, and murmured his thanks as he took the flower, in the place of which he laid a piece of twenty francs.

"Gentlemen," continued the singer, in her clear voice, "in exchange for a flower from this bouquet, twenty francs have just been put in this plate for the poor widow and her children. With the exception of one rose, which I wish to keep in memory of this evening and the kindness you have shown me, I offer you all the flowers in the bouquet at the same price as the first. By that means these roses will provide warm clothes, fire, and food through the coming winter for the widow and the orphans."

Scarcely had she finished speaking than at least fifty hands were stretched out to receive a rose from the bouquet. The buyer of the first flower was entrusted with the salver, which was soon covered with gold pieces, and even banknotes, while the singer herself distributed her scented merchandise.

When all the roses were disposed of, the concert concluded with a piece by the orchestra.

Then the audience hurried out to wait in the place until the singer appeared. As soon as she and her mother came out, escorted by M. Jacquet, a simultaneous cheer arose from five hundred voices, and a passage was quickly cleared for the strangers through the admiring crowd.

The next morning, just as the travellers had finished breakfast, their hostess came in to ask if her son might pay them a farewell visit.

"We certainly would not leave Chaumont without saying good-bye to M. Jacquet," said Mademoiselle Duplessis. "Please tell him that we shall be delighted to receive him at once."

A moment later the young musician entered the room.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have come to thank you for all your goodness. I meant to have done so last night, but I could not find words in which to express my gratitude and delight. I hope you will accept the thanks I bring you in the name of the widow and orphans, of myself, my friends, and of our whole town."

"Please tell your friends," replied the young girl, "that I am happy to have been allowed to join with them in a work of charity. The reception which you have given me in your town, and the proofs of sympathy and appreciation which you showed to an unknown singer, have left an impression upon me that will never be effaced."

"My friends and I, mademoiselle," replied the young man, "and all who had the good fortune to hear you, are of one opinion: we are convinced, not only that you are no unknown singer, but that you are one of the great artists of the Academy of Music. You prefer, however, not to reveal your identity, and we are bound in gratitude to respect your wishes."

At this moment Madame Jacquet came in to say that the diligence was in sight, and a few minutes later the travellers were on their way to Paris. Scarcely had they left than Madame Jacquet, going into the rooms they had occupied, found the score of "Robert le Diable," which appeared to have been left behind upon a table. She hastened with it to her son, who opened it mechanically, then gave a sudden exclamation of surprise and delight. On the first page of the book he read:

"Presented to M. Jules Jacquet, professor of music, in memory of September 8, 1837.—
CORNÉLIE FALCON."

"It was she!" cried the young man; "it was Mademoiselle Falcon, the prima donna of the Grand Opera. Ah, I might have known it; I might have guessed it!"

Prize Competition.

A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in the names of the twelve men now living who have rendered the greatest services to the cause of music in Great Britain.

Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out and fill up the coupon given on page 2 of cover, with the twelve names, and send it in envelope marked "Competition," to Editor, MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C., not later than January 7th, 1893.

The result of the competition will be announced in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, published January 25th, 1893. The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose paper contains the twelve names that the total votes of the competitors declare to have rendered the greatest service to the cause of music in Great Britain.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to 29 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., as early as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses, provided that each is accompanied by separate coupon.

A Mysterious Singer.

BY AN OLD IMPRESARIO.

ITALY may be the land of song, but she certainly is not the land of singers. Or, rather, the more gifted among her children fly like migratory birds from one country to another, according to where the most golden harvest is to be gathered. In Italy herself one may sometimes hear a lovely voice crying wares in the streets, or calling to the cattle in the fields, but in the theatres and concert-halls the singing is, as a rule, of a kind that would be tolerated in no other country. Of course I am not speaking of the leading theatres in the chief Italian towns (though even in these the music is often indifferent enough), but rather of the provincial towns, where the ramshackle theatres are occupied by one scratch company after another, the most hackneyed operas being slouched through by soloists, chorus, and orchestra, none of whom appear to have a spark of music in their souls; and certainly bear out Shakespeare's dictum that no such persons are to be trusted. The audiences are, as might be expected, scanty, and seldom pretend to listen, but talk, laugh, and eat unceasingly throughout the performances.

I speak feelingly upon this subject, because at the beginning of my career, more years ago than I care to count, I rashly engaged to "run" an operatic company through the Italian provinces: I had one or two passable soloists; that is to say, they were what the Germans call "routinirte" singers, with more experience than voice; but the rest of my forces were about as unsatisfactory as could be, which is saying a good deal. Wherever we went bad luck, which was not unmerited, seemed to follow us. We never had more than one good house in any town through which we passed, and that was always on the first night. Nobody who had heard us once ever wished to hear us again.

I hoped to recoup myself for some of these misfortunes at P——, where the Duke was said to be a great patron of the musical drama, and to prefer indifferent opera to none at all. I was not disappointed in my expectations. The morning after our arrival at P—— I waited upon the Duke, who was graciously pleased to bespeak a performance of the "Barbiere" for the next night but one, which chanced to be his birthday, and promised to be present with all his suite. Fortunately my first baritone was quite the most presentable member of my troupe, so the part of Figaro at least would be sufficiently well filled.

Great preparations were set on foot for this gala performance, and the whole company seemed inclined, for once, to rise to the occasion, possibly because they saw some hope of receiving their arrears of salary. The general rehearsal went with scarcely a hitch, except that the Figaro complained of headache and was decidedly hoarse, but he declared that he should be perfectly well by the following evening. That night we played "La Figlia del Regimento" before a very small house; but that did not distress me, as I felt sure the whole population were keeping themselves for the "Barbiere." As I entered the inn, on my return from the theatre, I was stopped by a man who introduced himself to me as the doctor who had been sent for by Signor Manelli, my first baritone. The signor, he informed me, was suffering from a sharp attack of malarious fever, and probably would not be able to leave his bed, much less to sing, for a week or ten days.

This was truly a pleasant piece of news. I went to the coffee-room, where most of my com-

pany were assembled, and told them of the catastrophe. I explained that there were only two courses open to me; the one, to ask the Duke's permission to change the opera; the other, to coach up my second baritone, who in voice and appearance was not unlike a consumptive chicken, for the part of Figaro. It was not necessary to make my choice that night, so I decided to sleep upon it, and, though it was still early, departed for bed in a sufficiently sulky frame of mind.

Scarcely had I undressed when I was disturbed by a knock at my door, and a voice said: "It is I, Luigi; let me come in."

Now, Luigi was the most useful member of my troupe. He was scene-painter, costume-designer, prompter, and could, at a pinch, take a small buffo part without disgracing himself. He had even been known to play the second violin, when the orchestra needed reinforcements. Nothing seemed to come amiss to Luigi, and he was so full of resource that I felt a faint hope he might have cured Manelli, or—and my heart sank—could he have come to propose himself for the part of Figaro?

As soon as I opened the door, Luigi hopped into the room, evidently labouring under some strong excitement.

"Oh, signor!" he exclaimed breathlessly, "what think you? I have news, good news."

"What do you mean?" I asked irritably. "What good news can there be?"

Luigi danced about the room as he cried: "I have found you another baritone—a Barbiere."

"What?" I exclaimed, for, oddly enough, this solution of the difficulty had never occurred to me, even in the land of song. "Who is he? How do you know he can sing?"

"You hear him, signor." He waited outside. He says he is used to sing in opera; can sing anything."

"Well, bring him in at once," I said; "we'll hear what he can do, at any rate."

Luigi disappeared, and presently returned, bringing with him a tall, pale young man, with worn features and a listless look in his deep-set eyes. He was shabbily dressed in clothes that looked as if they had been made for somebody else. On his head he wore a small black cap, beneath the edge of which curled thick brown hair, framing his face like an aureole. He raised his cap on entering the room, but continued to wear it during our interview.

"I hear you are willing to undertake the part of Figaro in the 'Barbiere' to-morrow night," I said. "I conclude that you are accustomed to sing in opera."

"I was once," he replied. "It is now some years since I left the stage; but though I may have forgotten some of the business, I remember every note of my old parts, as I can show you if you will give me a trial."

I reflected that it was no use asking the stranger any more questions until he had given me some proof of his capacity, so I pulled out the score of the "Barbiere," and sat down in my dressing-gown to the wretched old inn piano. I struck the first chord of Figaro's great "Factotum" song, and as I did so the young man's aspect underwent a sudden transformation. He threw up his head, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes grew brilliant. Then he dashed into the song with an energy and an *entrain* that fairly carried me away. Such a voice I had never heard before. It was a high baritone, slightly veiled in the lower register, but with upper notes like those of a tenore robusto. While the voice was powerful enough to fill Covent Garden without an effort, the timbre was peculiarly sympathetic. Best of all, the singer possessed that quality which, for want of a better term, we call personal magnetism, and without

which the finest voice and the most perfect method are powerless to thrill the heart or to rouse enthusiasm.

I listened astounded, forgetting my own part, and playing every kind of wrong chord. Here was indeed a prize! It was impossible to understand how an artist who would surely make a *furor* in any European capital could be without an engagement, and in evidently poor circumstances. When the song came to an end, I repressed all signs of admiration, snubbed Luigi's ecstasies, and put a few leading questions about the stranger's past career. To these I got only vague replies. He had left the stage many years, he said, but occasionally sang in church music still. He lived in a village a long way from P—, and was occupied chiefly with farming and market-gardening. To my inquiry whether he would be willing to accept a permanent engagement, should his *début* prove successful, he answered, with some embarrassment, that he would think it over, it must depend on circumstances. "Circumstances," I concluded, meant wife and children, and whether the salary I offered would be sufficient to tempt him to break up his home. The stranger, who gave the name of Isolo, then took his departure, promising to come to the theatre for rehearsal at ten o'clock the next morning. I went to bed with a light heart, and a head full of schemes for the future.

Punctual to the hour named, Isolo made his appearance at the little theatre. The rehearsal was a brilliant success. The stranger had forgotten some of his words, but he was perfect in the music, and he sang and acted superbly throughout. The rest of the company were lost in astonishment at finding such a star dropped suddenly in their midst, and, as if inspired by his presence, really acquitted themselves more creditably than usual.

When the evening came the house was actually sold out; partly because it was known that the Duke was coming, and partly because I had sown placards broadcast, to the effect that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Signor Manelli, his place would be taken by the celebrated Signor Isolo, who was staying a night in P—, on his way to fulfil an engagement in America. The new singer's first appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, but this was nothing to the ovation he received at the close of his first song, when the house literally "rose to him." This enthusiasm was not surprising, for never was there a more dashing impersonation of the laughter-loving, dare-devil *Barbiere*. By the magic of his art, the stranger seemed to bring the picturesque life of old Seville, with its light-hearted love-making and intrigue, before our very eyes. The rickety scenery, the tawdry costumes, and the elderly chorus were lost and forgotten in Rossini's music, Beaumarchais' wit, and the marvellous voice that filled the whole theatre with melody.

I was delighted to observe that the Duke clapped and applauded vociferously, an example that was followed by the whole of his suite. At the end of the performance my patron sent for me, and having expressed his gratification with the evening's entertainment, not only gave me his own snuff-box, but begged me to present a handsome diamond ring, with his compliments, to Signor Isolo. He also declared that it would give him great pleasure to hear the new baritone in another part, such as Zampa, or William Tell. I desired nothing better, and when my audience came to an end I hurried to Isolo's dressing room, in order to lose no time in making arrangements for the future. On arriving there, what was my surprise to find Figaro's costume lying on the floor, but no Figaro! I went to the green-room, where I found the other

singers assembled, discussing the performance, but still no Figaro. I sent Luigi in search of him, but he was nowhere in or near the theatre. I was not much disturbed at his disappearance, as I had not paid him the sum agreed upon for the night's performance, and I felt sure that he would turn up the next morning to demand it.

But the morning came, and with it not a sign of the stranger. Uneasiness deepened to alarm, and alarm to despair, as the town was searched for him and no clue to his whereabouts obtained. I stayed several days longer than I had originally intended, playing to wretched houses, but at the end of the time I was no nearer finding my lost prize than at the beginning; so at length I gave up the search as hopeless, and moved on to another city.

Two years passed away, and though I had not forgotten my Figaro, I never expected to see him again, when circumstances once more took me to Italy. It was winter-time, and I was travelling by diligence to L—, which is only forty miles distant from P—, when we found ourselves, owing to the state of the roads, compelled to pass the night at a little village which clustered, as though for protection, round the walls of a great monastery. To stretch my legs after their long confinement in the diligence, I walked up to the monastery chapel in the twilight of the winter's afternoon. The brothers were chanting their vespers as I stepped softly through the door and paused for a moment to listen. One voice, weak and husky though it was, seemed to stand out in its vibrating sadness from all the rest. I recognised it in a moment as the voice of my *Barbiere*, although there remained but the shadow of its former glory. A pang of pity and regret shot through my heart as I remembered the perfect notes that had once filled the theatre, and stirred the listening crowds to frenzy.

When the service was over I waited in the shadow to see the monks pass out. Two and two they came, with crossed hands and eyes downcast. If I had not been prepared to see him, I should never have recognised the Figaro of two years before. His fine features were wasted with disease, his eyes sunken, and the dark locks that surrounded the tonsure were streaked with gray. As soon as he had passed out of sight I left the chapel, and with a heavy heart walked back to the inn.

I was the only foreigner among our little party of weather-bound travellers, and, as such, the landlord thought it necessary to pay me special attention. He was a loquacious little man, and very ready to give information about the village and its neighbourhood—which in the summer, he declared, was the most delightful of resorts. I soon turned the conversation upon the subject of the monastery, and the fine singing that I had heard at vespers. According to his account, the community was popular with the country people. The good brothers maintained themselves upon the produce of their farm and gardens, and were true friends to the poor. They were famous for their singing, and formerly, said my host, people would come from long distances to hear Brother Angelo in a mass or requiem. But that was before the brother fell ill of a wasting sickness, brought on by privation and exposure—for he subjected himself to the sternest discipline of all the monks. Perhaps that was to make up for past sins; for there were curious stories told of his early life. Of course I inquired what these stories were, and the landlord, nothing loath, after assuring me that the tale was probably false, since you could never believe anything you heard, resumed as follows:

"Fifteen years ago Brother Angelo was engaged to sing, during the carnival season, at the

Scala Theatre, in Milan. He was only two-and-twenty then, and had just left the Conservatoire, so this engagement was considered a wonderful piece of good-fortune. People say that he was as handsome as a star, and that he sang like a young seraph. His success was unquestioned. The critics all agreed for once that there was no fault to be found with him; the theatre was packed every night he sang, and the shop windows were full of his portraits. Now, there happened to be in Milan, at that season the Principe and Principessa L—. She was only eighteen, very beautiful, and passionately fond of music. Her husband was sixty, and cared for nothing but politics and such-like dry subjects. Well, it soon became known in Milan that the young Principessa was quite infatuated about the new baritone. She was never absent from her box on the nights that he appeared; she sent him bouquets and laurel wreaths; she even invited him to her parties, and sang duets with him. Now, all this might be innocent enough, but still, it caused a great deal of scandal in Milanese society. Of course the Principe was the last person to hear what all the world was talking about. He was known to be a man of very violent and jealous temper, so perhaps nobody dared hint anything to him. At length, however, he must have either been told or discovered something—though what it was has never been known. At any rate, the whole town was one day thrown into a commotion by the news that the Principessa was dead, and that the young baritone had gone into a cloister. The Principe was such a powerful person, and had so much influence both in the Church and the State, that no awkward questions were asked about the catastrophe. It was given out that the Principessa had died suddenly from heart-disease, and of course a man like the Principe would have no difficulty in obtaining any number of doctors' certificates. It was not known to which monastery the singer had retired, until the music here became so famous and the people recognised his voice. Well, no one could have led a more holy life than Brother Angelo has done for the last fifteen years; if he had lived a few centuries ago he would certainly have been canonized. He has worked harder than any day-labourer on the farm, and sometimes walks forty and fifty miles to the large towns, to arrange for the sale of the produce. Now, poor man, they say he has not long to live. Indeed, he may die any moment, or he may linger for weeks; but as long as he has the strength he will take part in the daily services. But the signor must be getting quite tired of my chatter. It is late, too, and he will have to rise early to-morrow morning."

I bade my host good-night, assuring him that I had been much interested in his story, and went to bed, but not to sleep, for the night was bitterly cold, and there was no fireplace in my room. As I lay awake in the small hours of the morning I heard the slow, sad tolling of a deep-toned bell, which sounded very near in the still, frosty air. I went to sleep at length, but was soon awake by the landlord, who appeared candle in hand, to tell me it was time to get up, as the diligence would start in half an hour.

"Did the signor hear the passing-bell in the night?" he inquired. "It was tolling for Brother Angelo, who died an hour before dawn. Poor man! his troubles are over at last—rest his soul!"

He crossed himself devoutly as he left the room. I reflected sadly, as I began to prepare for my journey, upon the premature death of one who might have been a good monk, but was certainly an ideal Figaro.

Foreign Notes.

FRANCHETTI'S new opera "Christoforo Colombo," just produced at Genoa, is generally described as a very fine work, but requiring extensive excisions, the first performance having lasted six hours.

THE *Dresden Journal* speaks in very high terms of the compositions of Mr. Moir-Clark, a native of Scotland, recently performed in the Saxon capital. Special praise is awarded to a quintet for pianoforte and strings, and a set of variations for the first-named instrument. Miss Dora Bright was the pianist on the occasion to which reference is made.

MR. F. H. COWEN'S opera "Signa," originally intended for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's theatre, will be produced at Genoa towards the end of January. The Italian translation of the libretto has been prepared by Signor Mazzucato. This is the first instance on record of a new opera by an English composer being first produced in Italy.

MADAME WAGNER has, it seems, been unsuccessful in her efforts to induce the Austrian Government to alter their copyright laws, and accordingly after next year "Parsifal" and all the Meister's other operas will become non-copyright throughout the Austrian Empire. "Parsifal," which has hitherto been a monopoly of Bayreuth, will therefore be available in Vienna; and, in view of this fact, the authorities of the Munich Opera House have applied for permission to represent the work in Bavaria after the Bayreuth performances projected for next autumn are over. So far as England is concerned, a work so essentially religious in character is not likely to be heard outside the concert-room. Excerpts from it are, however, frequently performed at the Richter Concerts, and the whole opera, in concert guise, has twice been given at the Albert Hall.

A STATEMENT from Vienna is to the effect that Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild has undertaken to pay the entire deficit on the recent Musical and Dramatic Exhibition, amounting to £18,000.

THE Italian journals reiterate the statement that Verdi, who has completely finished his "Falstaff," is now busily engaged upon "King Lear," utilizing to some extent material written some years ago for another opera which was not completed. It is also declared in positive terms that Boito has at last finished his "Nero," and that the work will shortly see the light. In view of the many false statements made to the same effect, it will, however, be wise to receive the latest reports with caution.

DR. DYORAK gave his first concert in New York on October 21st, when he produced his new "Te Deum," written expressly for the occasion, and also his triple overture, which had previously been given at a farewell concert at Prague. The overture is in three movements, the first being entitled "Nature"; the second, "Life" (a Bohemian carnival); and the third, "Love," the sub-title being Shakespeare's "Othello." The "Te Deum" is written for chorus and two soloists.

THE hundredth performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given at the Opera House, Berlin, on November 3rd, before a crowded and enthusiastic audience, together with Bizet's one-act opera, "Djamileh," lately produced at Berlin with such success that, together with Mascagni's work, it has been performed at least twice a week since. Mascagni telegraphed to the General Intendant Hochberg as follows: "I hear this evening of the hundredth performance of 'Cavalleria' at Berlin, the first stage that has yet produced my first work for the hundredth

time. For this great success I am most grateful to you, and beg you to accept my most sincere thanks. Begging you meantime to tender the artists, the orchestra, as also the chorus and the conductor, my heartfelt congratulations, I conclude with the hope of having the honour of seeing you personally at the first performance of 'I Rantzau.'"

THE identity of the "Duc d'Edimbourg," who is credited with composing the music to the opera "Maitre Manole," libretto by the Queen of Roumania, produced at the Court Opera, Coburg, last month, is eliciting some curiosity on the Continent. It can hardly be the royal composer of the "Galatea Waltz," who, indeed, some little time ago denied the soft impeachment. It may possibly be that the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who some years since wrote an opera, "Santa Chiara," which is not likely to be forgotten by Covent Garden habitués, has been playing a practical joke upon his royal relative of Edinburgh.

THE three-hundredth performance at Berlin of Wagner's "Lohengrin" has led the local critics to look up some of the earlier criticisms upon the opera. Of course, when a work has achieved success, it is generally easy enough to search up the adverse remarks of some atrabilious critic, and upon this peg to hang a theory that musical writers generally do not understand their business. In Wagner's case, however, as everybody knows, the writers of the old school fiercely assailed the new doctrines, which nowadays appear to us mild enough in "Lohengrin," but which years ago must have jarred strangely upon ears attuned to the sugary melodies of Bellini and Donizetti.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting of the criticisms reproduced is that written by Rellstab, a genial musician, who obviously did not like "Lohengrin," but who wished to express his opinion in the kindest possible manner. Rellstab declared that the music was without form; he praised Wagner's libretto, which he declared to be "excellent for operatic treatment," but he was of opinion that the whole opera was, with one or two exceptions, of "long and overworked-out recitative," with "beautiful orchestration." The introduction to the third act he characterized as "a blunder," and—foolish man to prophecy before he knew!—he plainly expressed his judgment that "Lohengrin" would prove a failure. Rellstab was wrong, for "Lohengrin" is one of the most popular works in the operatic repertory.

OTTO FELIX DESOFF, the distinguished conductor and teacher, died last month at Frankfurt. He was born in 1835 at Leipzig, and in his sixteenth year he became a pupil for theory and practice of F. E. Richter. From 1851 to 1854 he went to the Leipzig Conservatoire, where he was placed for pianoforte under Moscheles and Plaidy, and he also studied composition under Hauptmann. He served as sub-conductor in various German orchestras, but in 1861 he settled down at Vienna, where he was one of the conductors of the opera, and Professor at the Conservatoire. Several of his pupils from Vienna have become famous. At Vienna also he became conductor of the famous Philharmonic Concerts founded by Nicolai. In 1875 he retired from Vienna, owing to a dispute with Eckert, and he was then replaced by Dr. Richter. He thereupon went to Karlsruhe, and finally, some time ago, he settled down at Frankfurt, where he made an enormous reputation as an opera director. He wrote several works, but of no great reputation, and, indeed, it will be chiefly as a conductor and a teacher that his name will best be remembered.

MASCAGNI'S third opera, "I Rantzau," recently produced at Florence, is by common consent calculated to sustain, if not to enhance his reputation. It is stated that on the evening of the production Signor Mascagni handed to his publisher, Signor Sonzogno, the score of another opera, in one act, entitled "Vestita."

PARTLY in deference to the wishes of Madame Wagner and partly to those of his subscribers, M. Bertrand, the Director of the Paris Grand Opera, has definitely abandoned the idea of producing "Die Meistersinger" next year, as it is feared the strictly Germanic character of the libretto will not find favour with the Parisian public. In its stead it is intended to mount "Die Walküre," which will be produced on April 1, with M. Van Dyck in the principal rôle.

IT is possible that the tenor rôle in Massenet's "Werther," which is shortly to be produced in Paris at the Opera Comique, will be sung by M. Jean de Reszké. The Polish artist is already familiar with the part—which, by the bye, he is to sing in London next season—and he is willing to create it in Paris for the comparatively modest sum of £400 a month—a month comprising twelve performances.

THE novelty at M. Lamoureux's concert on November 20 consisted of a fantasia by M. Saint-Saëns, entitled "Africa." It is based on melodies which were heard at Cairo by the composer, and it has an important pianoforte part, which was admirably performed by Madame Marie Jael. The fantasia evoked considerable applause, but it is scarcely worthy of the learned musician to whom the world of music owes the "Symphony in C Minor," and the sacred drama, "Samson and Dalila." Complete justice was done to Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony" by M. Lamoureux's excellent orchestra, the bacarolle-like scherzo and the tuneful andante obtaining as usual the largest share of applause. The physical powers of the vocalist of the day, Madame Emma Langlois, are not equal to the requirements either of the grand scena from "Oberon," or of the "Liebestod" of "Isolde"; but the prelude of the first act of the latter opera was magnificently rendered. The "Walküren-Ritt" brought the short programme to a close, which would have been still more effective if the heat had not been excessive. M. Lamoureux, it is true, had the upper windows opened in the intervals between the various movements, but this proved insufficient. If the musicians could be supplied with lamps at their desks, there would be no occasion to light the gas until the very end of the concert, and the comfort of the audience would be enormously enhanced.

MADAME LOLA BEETH, who has been creating such a sensation in Paris by her impersonation of the rôle of Elsa, is a young Pole, born at Cracow, in Austrian-Poland. She has received her musical education entirely in Vienna, and this is the first time she has been heard out of the Grand Opera House of that city.

DR. JOACHIM had been announced to conduct one of the concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic Society before Christmas, but his place is to be taken by Herr Moszkowsky. The great violinist, indeed, now rarely assumes the duties of an orchestral chief, although in his younger days he enjoyed a great deal of experience in this direction. As a young man of three-and-twenty he was appointed conductor of the concerts of the then King of Hanover, and he retained the post twelve years. It was at Hanover, also, that he met and married Amalia Weiss, who is still a favourite concert contralto in Germany. After the new year Dr. von Bülow will resume the conductorship of the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, provided, of course, that his health permit.

A DESPATCH from Java tells of a thrilling occurrence at Seerakarta, one of the principal places in that island. Morel, a well-known prima donna, was singing on the stage before a brilliant audience, including the Dutch President and the Javanese prince, whose palace is at Seerakarta. The audience was highly enthusiastic, and the prima donna seemed to be at her best.

One of the richest young Hollanders in Seerakarta had just sent a bouquet to the prima donna. She received it with a smile and was bowing gracefully, when suddenly her whole appearance changed, her face seemed to turn livid, and with a cry of agony she fell to the stage. The audience rose in consternation.

and the other members of the troupe rushed to the assistance of the stricken woman.

When they attempted to remove her she seemed to suffer so much that it was thought best to wait a while. In a few minutes, notwithstanding prompt medical attention, the prima donna died on the stage in full view of all the audience. All were terribly shocked, and some of the women fainted from distress.

* * *

MORE than 3,000 Bohemians gave greeting recently at the Central Turn Verein Opera House, Sixty-seventh Street, near Third Avenue, New York, to Dr. Antonin Dvorák. When the new director of the National Conservatory of Music entered the hall, accompanied by his wife, son, and daughter, the whole audience arose and wildly waved and shouted welcome to the Bohemian composer and his family.

Dr. Dvorák was escorted to a box, and there was some good choral music under the direction of Mr. W. Raboch.

In an address of welcome, spoken in Bohemian, Mr. V. Truna congratulated America upon having secured "the greatest master in the realm of musical composition," and predicted that Dr. Dvorák will become the "creator and master of American national music."

"He it is," said the speaker, "who has spread the Czech musical art among all nations."

An address of a similar nature was delivered in English by Mr. J. Janacek.

Dr. Dvorák was then invited to go on the platform, and after speeches by Messrs. J. Castka and J. Belsky, was presented with a magnificent silver wreath bearing the inscription "To Dr. Antonin Dvorák, from the Bohemian people of the city of New York."

Responding, Dr. Dvorák spoke with much feeling. He had never dreamed of such enthusiasm in America, where, to his great astonishment, he had found his works better known than abroad. He paid a high tribute to America's wonderful progress, and said that it would be the crowning ambition of his life to add to the lustre of America's great fame. He had never expected such a demonstration in his honour, and could not find words to convey his heartfelt appreciation. Dr. Dvorák spoke in Bohemian.

* * *

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" provoked a strike at the Opera Comique in Paris, on November 5. The curtain went up as usual on Saturday night, the well-known scenery was disclosed, and the choristers in full force entered from the wings, forty men and as many women. But when the time came for them to sing, every one of the men remained silent. "What can it all mean?" people asked each other. At last the orchestra stopped, and the curtain was dropped. The choristers have been for some weeks claiming a rise in their salaries from £48 a year to £72. When they filed off the stage they were sent to their robing-room, at the door of which two city guards were placed to prevent them leaving until the manager had had it out with them. He told them that he could not possibly let them have what they asked, and gave them an hour to return him an ultimatum. They struggled to get out, but failed. At the end of that interval one of the forty said that he was ready to sing. The others hooted him, and, calling again on the guards to let them out, made a row when they did not at once release them. The women choristers had not joined in the conspiracy of silence, which ended in the theatre being prematurely closed for the night, and in threats of action being brought against the manager for illegal sequestration. The choristers are generally artisans who ply sedentary trades in their own domiciles, and can absent themselves from work to attend rehearsals.

THE strike has since been terminated, M. Carvalho having decided to give the dissatisfied supernumerary vocalists £1 extra monthly. The manager's decision has been ratified at the meeting of the shareholders.

* * *

Accidentals.

"T seems," says the *Chicago Post*, "that musical criticism of the ardent and untamed variety is not confined to the art centres of this country, but flourishes in the wild and woolly West."

A newspaper published in Dakota comes to hand containing an account of the graduating exercises of the local conservatory of music. As a rich gem of critical literature the entire article deserves preservation, but in the interest of brevity a few paragraphs must suffice, as for instance:

* * *

"THE instrumental triumph was scored by Miss F—, who is only fourteen. Her attack upon the piano meant business from start to finish, and her fair little hands chased the keys for their sweetest evocation of harmony, as does the greyhound follow the affrighted hare, turning neither to the right nor left, but pursuing to the goal with single aim. Her agility and firm expression were rewarded with continued applause."

* * *

It may be conceded that this is pretty good as a starter, but it is nothing to the developments that come when the critic gets fully warmed up to his work. Listen, for example, to this outburst:

* * *

"A MOST enjoyable race on pianos was that between those two superb artists, Mrs. B. and Mrs. C., the former having a grand piano as a racer. It afforded quite a study to the musical critic. Now, as with fairy fingers they daintily picked up the chords and commingled their melody; then, with the energy of giants in Alpine heights, seized grand harmony by the throat and forced its loudest and strongest utterance to roll forth and echo from altitudes to altitudes, finally dying away down in the lower vales as echoes of the Alpine hunter's horn at eve reach the chalet far away. To evoke sounds in one thing, to interpret them in living language is another."

* * *

ONE may readily admit that such playing afforded quite a study to the musical critic. And the musical critic was there. If he had not been, one of the rarest bits of criticism which has been read in many a long day would have escaped utterance. At all events, wild and woolly as the criticism is, it has one virtue in that it is not peppered with any of those stock phrases with which musical criticism of the grand sort is usually seasoned. The absence of these hackneyed phrases would dignify any writing.

* * *

"I WAS raised in the country myself, and would be the last man in the world to speak lightly of a countryside concert," said a Lewiston clerk, "but a remarkably funny thing did happen the other day at a country entertainment where I was. I had driven up to Wayne in my team, and was returning, when night overtook me in a little hamlet between there and here. I had to put up at one of the farmers' houses and stop all night. A large black dog had met me at the door and seemed glad to see me. He was a remarkably fine-looking hunter, and seemed like a knowing brute to me. After supper the folks said that there was to be a concert for the benefit of an old soldier in the school-house a mile away. Bob, the boy, was given permission to go. When we had all got settled in the plank seats, behind the plank desks, in walked Bob with that dog.

* * *

"THE dog crowded under a seat. After numerous other things on the programme there was a soprano solo by a girl in very bright colours. The first note of the song rose clear and shrill. There was the scratching of claws on the old floor as the dog crawled out. Then as she sang the dog got back on his haunches and howled that very mournful howl that I have heard in the night when dogs bay at the moon. The girl stopped and someone kicked the dog, who stopped,

too. Then the singer bravely began again. So did the dog. The girl stopped and laughed nervously. Someone put out the dog, and the folks smiled encouragingly as she again began. From outside somewhere came the sound of the melancholy dog again. This time she stopped, and the proceedings were delayed till Bob was out of hearing with that dog. Now, that dog had what I call a 'sensitive ear.'"

* * *

THE proprietor of a travelling circus announced that on a certain night a trained elephant would play the Russian hymn on a piano with its trunk. When the evening came the circus was crowded to the roof with an expectant public. After the usual performances had been gone through, four men carried in a cottage piano, which they placed in the centre of the arena. When the intelligent animal was brought in, he walked slowly three times round the ring, and then, amid the keenest excitement, advanced to the piano.

* * *

WITH a slight movement of his trunk he opened the keyboard, but hardly had he done so when a sudden change came over his appearance. His eye dilated with rage and fear, he lifted his trunk in the air, and then with a wild scream of terror he rushed out of the arena. The proprietor of the circus and the elephant's keeper held a short and hurried consultation, and then they too left the ring. After a few moments the circus proprietor entered again, and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognised in the keyboard of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long-lost mother, who had fallen a prey to the ivory-hunters of Africa.

* * *

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* recounts that the band of a Berlin battalion during the recent manoeuvres had assembled in a meadow to practise a serenade which they intended to give their major on his birthday. The director was about to commence, when his attention was diverted by a little boy, who was being chased by a young bull. The musicians were horrified to see the distance between the pursuer and the pursued gradually diminishing, when, just as the bull was about to run its horns into the little fellow, the director gave the signal to begin. The band struck up, and the bull stood as if rooted to the spot at the unusual sound. A fresh burst of the brass instruments and the creature rushed off wildly in the direction of the nearest village, glancing back occasionally, and roaring as if in mortal agony. Which proves the truth of the old aphorism about "Music hath charms."

* * *

PERHAPS one of the strangest musical contests which has recently been recorded is that which took place at Huber's Museum, New York, on the 23rd ult., between Miss Ada Melville and Mr. W. J. Waterbury, the latter, after seventeen hours' continuous performance, coming out the "champion long-endurance piano-player of the world." The condition was that there should be no stop of any sort in the performance, so that from time to time each competitor had to be fed with a spoon, and both, it seems, drank beer. They started at 9 a.m. on the 23rd, and at 1.52 a.m. on the 24th the lady was "knocked out," her hands falling to her lap after 16 hours 52 minutes of pianoforte pounding. The gentleman went on for eight minutes more, when he too stopped, his thumbs then being twice their usual size, while the lady's right wrist was swollen, the fingertips were blistered, and she was very sleepy. Both performers talked freely to the people while they played, and Miss Melville received no fewer than three proposals of marriage within the first seven hours, besides two more before she stopped playing, early on the Sunday morning. The lady, however, smilingly declined them all, conscious that they were "only after the money," for, as she shrewdly observed, otherwise no husband in his senses would want a wife who played the pianoforte sixteen hours at a stretch.

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Autobiographical Notes by the Composer Massenet.

MASSENET has contributed the following very interesting autobiographical notes to the *Century*.

You are so kind, he says, as to write to know what was the beginning of my musical career, and you ask me, "How did I become a musician?" This seems a very natural question, but nevertheless I find it a very awkward one to answer. Should I tell you that, like many of my brothers in art, I had followed my vocation, I might seem slightly conceited; and should I confess it caused me many a struggle to devote myself entirely to music, then you might have the right to say, "Why, then, did you become a musician?"

My father was a superior officer under the First Empire. When the Bourbons were restored he sent in his resignation. As he had been a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School, he devoted himself to manufactures, and started important iron-works near St. Etienne (Loire). He thus became an iron-master, and was the inventor of those huge hammers which, crushing steel with extraordinary power by a single blow, change bars of metal into sickles and scythes. So it was to the sound of heavy hammers of brass, as the ancient poet says, that I was born.

My first steps in my future career were no more melodious. Six years later, my family then living in Paris, one day I found myself in front of an old piano, and either to amuse me, or to try my talent, my mother gave me my first music-lesson. It was the 24th of February, 1848, a strangely chosen moment, for our lesson was interrupted by the noise of street-firing that lasted for several hours. The revolution had burst forth, and people were killing one another in the streets.

Three years later I had become—or my parents affectionately thought I had become—a clever enough little pianist. I was presented for admission to the piano classes at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, and was admitted. To my mother I now was "an artist," and even though my education took up six hours of my day, she found time to make me work at my piano to such good effect, that within a year I became *lauréat* of the Conservatory. At this period my father's ill-health forced us to leave Paris, and so put a stop to my music for several years. I took advantage of this period to finish my literary studies. But the pain of separation from the Conservatory gave me courage enough to beg my parents (whom my wish distressed) to give me permission to return, and I did not again leave Paris until the day when, having obtained the "first grand prize" of musical composition (1863), I left for Rome with a scholarship from the Académie de France.

Did the progress made in these years of work really prove my vocation? Certainly I had won the *prix de Rome*, and had also taken prizes for piano, counterpoint, fugue, and so on. No doubt I was what is called a good pupil, but I was not an artist in the true sense.

To be an artist is to be a poet; to be touched by all the revelations of art and nature; to love, to suffer—in one word, to live! To produce a work of art does not make an artist. First of all, an artist must be touched by all the manifestations of beauty, must be interpenetrated by them, and know how to enjoy them. How many great painters, how many illustrious musicians, never were *artists* in the deepest meaning of the word!

Oh, those two lovely years in Rome at the dear Villa Medici, the official abiding-place of holders of Institute Scholarships—unmatched years, the recollection of which still vibrates in my memory, and even now helps me to stem the flood of discouraging influences!

It was at Rome that I began to live; there it was that, during my happy walks with my comrades, painters or sculptors, and in our talks under the oaks of the Villa Borghese, or under the pines of the Villa

Pamphili, I felt my first stirrings of admiration for nature and for art. What charming hours we spent in wandering through the museums of Naples and Florence! What tender, thoughtful emotions we felt in the dusky churches of Siena and Assisi! How thoroughly forgotten was Paris with her theatres and her rushing crowds! Now I had ceased to be merely "a musician"; now I was much more than a musician. This ardour, this healthful fever still sustains me; for we musicians, like poets, must be the interpreters of true emotion. To feel, to make others feel—therein lies the whole secret!

My time was nearly up at the Villa Medici, and but a few days separated me from the hour in which I had to say good-bye to my happy life—a life full of work, full of sweet tranquillity of mind, a life such as I never have lived again.

It was on December 17, 1865, that I had to prepare for my departure; nevertheless, I could not persuade myself to bid adieu to Rome. It was Rome that bade me adieu, and this is how she did it. It was six o'clock in the afternoon. I was alone in my room, standing before the window, looking through the glass at the great city outlined in gray against the light still remaining from a lovely clear sunset. This view is for ever imprinted on my memory, and at the time I could not detach myself from it. Alas! little by little a shadow crept over one corner of the sky, spreading and spreading until finally Rome had disappeared altogether. I have never forgotten those moments, and it is in remembering them that I evoke my youth.

I notice that I am saying but little of music, and that I seem to care more for what strikes the eye than for what charms the ear. Let us open together some of my orchestral scores. Thereon I am in the habit of writing the day and the hour, and sometimes an account of events of my life. Some of these have afforded me suggestions for my work. The first part of "Mary Magdalene" begins "At the gates of Magdala, evening." It was in truth of Magdala that I was then thinking; my imagination journeyed to far Judea, but what really moved me was the remembrance of the Roman Campagna, and this remembrance it was that I obeyed. I followed the landscape I had really known; therein was its accent, its exact impression. Afterward, in writing the "Erinnyes," the love that I felt for an exquisite Tanagra terra-cotta dictated to me the dances for the first act of Leconte de Lisle's admirable drama. Later, while I was arranging the score of the "Roi de Lahore," near me was a little Indian box, whose dark-blue enamel, spotted with bright gold, continually drew my eyes to it. All my delight, all my ardour came from gazing at this casket, wherein I saw the whole of India!

Mournful recollections also take up a great part of the life of the musician whose modest beginnings were saluted by firing in the streets. In 1870—a dismal date for my poor dear country—the Prussian cannons, answering those of Mont Valérien, often lugubriously punctuated the fragments that I tried to write during the short moments of rest that guard duty, marching around Paris, and military exercises on the ramparts, left us. There the musician, in the physical weariness of this novel life, vainly trying to find a few moments of forgetfulness, did not altogether abdicate his rights. In the leaves of a finished score, but one which will never be brought before the public, "Méduse," I find annotated the patriotic cries of the people, and the echoes of the "Marseillaise" sung by the regiments as they passed my little house at Fontainebleau on their way to battle. And so in other fragments I can read the bitter thoughts that moved me when, having returned to Paris before it was invested, I was inspired by the woful times that were upon us during the long winter of that terrible year.

Oh, the unforgettable pain and sorrow of those dismal days, when our hearts plunged so quickly from comforting enthusiasm to the darkest despair—when weeks of uncertainty and of waiting were scarcely brightened by rare letters, received one knew not how or whence, and bringing us news of ancient date concerning the far-off families and the dear friends we no longer hoped to see again! Then came the last effort, the last struggle at Buzenval; the death of my poor friend, the painter Henri Regnault; then the

most terrible trial of all, whose shameful reality made us forget cold, hunger, all that we had endured—the armistice, which in our wearied but far from resigned hearts rang the knell of our last and righteous anger! Yes, truly, during those dark days of the siege of Paris, it was indeed the image of my dying country that lay bleeding in me, feeble instrument that I was, when, shivering with cold, my eyes blinded with tears, I composed the bars of the "Poème du Souvenir" for the inspired stanzas written by my friend, the great poet Armand Silvestre, "Arise, beloved, now entombed!" Yes, both as son and musician, I felt the image of my poor country imprint itself on my bruised heart in the sweet and touching shape of a wounded muse, and when with the poet I sang, "Tear off thy winding sheet of flowers," I well knew that, though buried, she would come forth from her shroud, with blanched cheeks, indeed, but lovelier and more adorable than ever!

I have already said how dear to me is, and how faithfully true remains, the recollection of my Roman years; and I would like to be able to convince others how useful it is for young musicians to leave Paris, and to live, were it but for a year, in the Villa Medici, among a set of intelligent comrades. Yes, I am thoroughly in favour of this exile—as it is called by the discontented. I believe in residing there, for such a residence may give birth to poets and artists, and may awaken sentiments that otherwise might remain unknown to those in whom they lie dormant.

But, you answer, genius cannot be given to anyone; and if these young men be merely good students, already masters of their trade, it is not possible to give them the sacred fire they need.

Yes! I believe that being forced to live far away from their Parisian habits is a positive advantage. The long hours of solitude in the Roman Campagna, and those spent in the admirable museums of Florence and Venice, amply compensate for the absence of musical meetings, of orchestral concerts, of theatrical representations—in short, of music. How few of these young men, before leaving France, ever knew the useful and penetrating charm of living alone in close communion with nature or art. And the day in which art and nature speak to you makes you an artist, an adept; and on that day, with what you have already learned, and with what you should already know, you can create in strong and healthy fashion. How many garnered impressions and emotions will live again in works as yet unwritten!

In order to give more weight to my personal opinions, let me have the pleasure of quoting a fragment of the speech made at one of the last prize-day distributions of the Académie des Beaux-Arts by my whilom comrade at Rome, now my colleague at the Institute of France, the celebrated engraver, Chaplain:

"During their stay at the Villa Medici, these young artists are far from spending all the treasure of thoughts and impressions which they there amass. What delight, and often what rare good luck, later to find a sketch made from some lovely scene, or an air noted down while travelling through the mountains! On the road from Tivoli to Subiaco, one summer day, a little band of students were on a walking excursion through the beautiful mountains, which, like an amphitheatre, surround and rise up around Rome. We had halted in order to contemplate at our leisure the wonderful panorama of the Roman Campagna unrolling itself before us. Suddenly, at the foot of the path we had just climbed, a shepherd began to play a sweet, slow air on his pipe, the notes of which faded away, one by one, in the silence of the evening. While listening, I glanced at a musician who made one of the party, curious to read his impressions in his face; he was putting down the shepherd's air in his note-book. Several years later a new work by a young composer was performed at Paris. The air of the shepherd of Subiaco had become the beautiful introduction to 'Mary Magdalene.'"

I have quoted the whole, even the friendly praise given me by my dear comrade of Rome; but I have spoken so much of myself here that I thought I need not refuse myself these compliments coming from another in justification of my enthusiasm for those blessed years to which, it seems to me, I owe all the good qualities wherewith people are kind enough to credit me.

Do not, however, think me too exclusive in my ideas. If I speak to you of Rome, it is because the Villa Medici is unique as a retreat, is a dream realized. I have certainly been enthusiastic over other countries, and I think that scholars should travel. When I was a scholar, I left Rome during many months. Two or three friends would join forces and start off together. We would go to Venice or down the Adriatic, running over, perhaps, to Greece; and, on our return, stopping at Tunis, Messina, and Naples. Finally, with swelling hearts, we would see the walls of Rome: for there, in the Academy of France, was our home. And then, how delightful to go to work in the healthful quiet, in which we could create without anything to preoccupy us—with no worries, no sorrows. After a wandering life, after the hotel with its commonplace rooms and table, what joy to return to "our villa" and to meditate under its evergreen oaks!

The ordinary traveller never can know this repose, because it is to us alone, we scholars of the Institute, that France gives such a shelter. The remembrances of my youth have almost always been my consolation for the years of struggle that have made up my life. But I do not thank France alone for being so good to us. I wish to bring also to your country my tribute of gratitude. It is to a woman of your great country, to an American, to Miss Sybil Sanderson, the incomparable interpreter of "Esclarmonde," that I owe the impulse to write that lyric drama.

J. Massenet.

Robert Franz.

ROBERT FRANZ, whose death at the age of seventy-seven was announced from Halle, October 24th, was acknowledged to be one of the foremost musicians of Germany; while his fame as a song-writer, and as editor of the scores of the great masters, had extended far beyond the bounds of the Fatherland. Even amid the fierce controversy which ensued when, at the Birmingham Festival of 1885, Dr. Richter replaced Mozart's version of Handel's "Messiah" by the edition of Franz, which is now almost unanimously adopted in Germany, the artistic beauty of his songs was recognised and acknowledged by the fiercest of his antagonists. In the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, and of many cultured Englishmen and Americans, the *Lieder* of Robert Franz rank with those of Schumann, if not those of Schubert himself.

Franz' career was really divided into two well contrasted portions. Born in the Waterloo year, the son of a tradesman at Halle, it was not until he was twenty that he was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. He then became a pupil of Schneider, of Dessau, and in 1843 he was "discovered" by Schumann, who wrote so glowingly of his songs that his future seemed to be made. From that time until 1868, when, owing to deafness and a nervous disease, he was obliged to relinquish this branch of his work, he published no fewer than 275 songs, some of them among the finest in our repertory. His career as a composer of *Lieder* then closed, and he was obliged to retire from active life. Some of the most prominent musicians of Germany, however, among them Joachim and Liszt, organized for his benefit a series of concerts, which realized a capital sum of £5,000, and upon an annuity purchased by this fund Franz has since lived, occupying his leisure by "editing" the scores of Handel, Bach, and others. A friend, who saw him in the early part of the present year, found he was so absolutely deaf that communications could only be made to him in writing, to which he could not reply in the same manner, owing to a severe attack of gout in the hand.

In connection with Robert Franz' death a correspondent writes as follows:

"London, November 8th, 1892.

"44, Hamilton Gardens,

"St. John's Wood,

"N.W.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.'

"SIR,—It was with a shock of surprise and profound sorrow that I learned of the decease of the

great Robert Franz, who passed peacefully away at Halle, his birthplace, in the early morning of October 24th. The blow was to me all the greater, as I had received during this month no fewer than three letters from him, and no mention was made of any illness whatever. I have had the distinguished honour of a constant correspondence with Robert Franz for just ten years, his first letter to me being dated October 5th, 1882, and the last October 15th, 1892. The 145 letters which the famous old musician wrote to me contain a complete record of his life, and I must have possessed his entire confidence, for he opened his whole heart to me, and detailed the circumstances of his career from the very beginning: his struggles for bare existence; the shameful manner in which he was treated by many of his contemporaries; and the crowning misery of his total loss of hearing. I very much doubt whether one could name a similar instance where a distinguished composer has, towards the close of a long and honourable career, confided his innermost thoughts to a young contemporary musician, as was the case with Robert Franz and myself. His 145 letters are so interesting, racy, and historically valuable, that I intend to publish every one of them, but not until after the lapse of some ten or fifteen years, for the sharpness and sarcasm with which Robert Franz criticised most composers, bearing other names than Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, would certainly make unpleasant reading for many a living musician of rank. His opinions and criticisms were often enough erroneous and ever unmerciful, and I have frequently been obliged to cross swords with him on these points. For years past there has always been some conflict of opinion regarding Franz's additional accompaniments to the works of Bach and Handel, but he once told me that he considered those labours even more important than his own actual compositions, even putting his famous songs as secondary in comparison. However that may be, there is no doubt that as a song composer he will come to be regarded as one of the very greatest and noblest of all time. Robert Franz was the last of the illustrious masters belonging to the so-called romantic period (Mendelssohn, born 1809; Schumann, 1810; Wagner, 1813; Franz, 1815), and his name will shine bright for evermore.

"Yours very obediently,

"ALGERNON ASHTON."

Forthcoming Events.

THE "intermediate" festival concerts at Bristol will take place on the 14th and 15th of April, the works to be performed being Dr. Hubert Parry's "L'Allegro," to be conducted by the composer; "The Golden Legend"; and "Elijah."

LITTLE Otto Hegner will revisit England this month, and besides giving several recitals in London and the provinces, will play at the Crystal Palace in February, and at one of the early Philharmonic Concerts. Dr. Dvorak's new Mass, which is understood to be a revision of an early though still unpublished composition, will be produced at the Crystal Palace, under Mr. Manns' direction, early in the spring.

MADAME NORDICA has concluded her successful concert tour in the provinces, and is staying in town for a few days prior to her departure for America. The prima donna has entered into a series of concert engagements in the States which will occupy her until the middle of March. She will then return to London in time for the last two performances of the Royal Choral Society's season—viz., "St. Paul," on April 19, and "Elijah," on May 10.

THE Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society will give its first concert this season at the Princes' Hall on December 7th, and the remaining five concerts at

St. James's (Banqueting) Hall on January 13th, March 3rd and 31st, April 28th, and May 12th. A large number of little-known works are promised, among the composers being Mozart, Beethoven, Raff, Onslow, Goring, Herzogenberg, Saint-Saëns, Bernardi, and Edward German. Seeing that this society is the only one in London devoting itself to wind-instrument music, amateurs should be prompt to support the efforts of Lord Chelmsford and his fellow-managers.

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THE list of monthly lectures in connection with the Musical Association, to be given at the Royal Academy of Music, has been issued. The session was opened by the Rev. Henry Caut, on November 8th, who took for his subject "The Oratorio: its Relation to Church Music." Mr. W. Ashton Ellis is to speak on December 13th on "Richard Wagner's Prose," and Mr. W. G. M'Naught on January 10th on "The History of the Use of the Sol-fa Syllables"; Drs. C. W. Pearce and C. Vincent will also read papers during the session. Mr. J. Percy Baker remains the secretary of the association, which deserves greater support from both professional and amateur musicians than it has of late years received.

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I HAVE already drawn attention to the newly-formed Middlesex and London Counties Choral Union, and have now received the prospectus for the first series of oratorio concerts. Handel's "Joshua" will be performed for the first time at St. James's Hall on December 15th, and in the spring of the new year Dr. Hubert Parry's "Job," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and Gounod's "Faust" (in concert-room guise), at the new Victoria Hall, Langham Place. The orchestra and chorus will, it is said, number 500, and the conductor will be Mr. James Shaw, under whose direction excellent oratorio performances were given last season at St. James's Hall.

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M. PADEREWSKI has postponed his voyage to the United States till December 14th, in order that he may give two performances in London, and one each in Liverpool, Manchester, Wolverhampton, and Brighton.

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A MEETING of the stewards of the Three Choirs' Festivals was held at the Guildhall, Worcester, on Saturday, November 12th, the Mayor, the Hon. Percy Allsopp, M.P., presiding. It was arranged that next year's festival, which falls by rotation to Worcester, should take place on September 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

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DR. A. C. MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has accepted the office of chairman at the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, which will be held in London on January 8th.

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DR. HUBERT PARRY's music to the "Frogs" of Aristophanes is not to remain unheard in London. At the Stock Exchange orchestral concert on December 6th, the overture is to be performed, and as much appreciation may be confidently expected from the London as from the Oxford critics of a piece of writing at once so bright and musicianly.

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No sooner have the provincial musical festivals of the present year terminated than the note of preparation is sounded for those to be held ten or twelve months hence. Among the works it has been decided to perform at the Bristol triennial meeting, early in October, is Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," one of the products of this conscientious composer's ripest period. At Norwich, there are to be no less than four novelties—namely, Mr. Cowen's cantata, "The Water-Lily," which was withdrawn from Leeds through an unfortunate misunderstanding; a sacred work by Sir John Stainer; a short cantata by Mr. J. F. Barnett; and a cantata by Dr. Gaul (whose "Holy City" is one of the most popular of compositions with societies lacking extensive means) on a Spenserian theme.

Personal.

THE announcement which has been made in several quarters of the death at Vienna of Dr. Richter's wife is incorrect. The deceased lady is the great conductor's mother, who was formerly a favourite vocalist, and has latterly been a teacher in the Austrian capital. Frau Richter, the musician's wife, has for a long time suffered from illness, but her health has, we learn, now slightly improved.

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HERR BENEDICT RANDHARTINGER, the friend of Beethoven and Schubert, is reported to be ill at Gloggnitz, near Vienna. Randhartinger's brother Josef was, together with Schubert and Lachner, one of the torchbearers at Beethoven's funeral in 1827, and it was from Benedict Randhartinger's house that Schubert, whilst waiting for his friend, innocently purloined the volume of Muller's poems from which so many charming songs originated. Benedict Randhartinger is now in his ninety-third year, and he was a schoolfellow of Schubert's. He also met Schubert at Salieri's, and was almost the only friend who visited him in his last illness. He afterwards became a tenor vocalist, and composed over 400 songs, besides about 200 other works. Thirty years ago he was appointed by the Austrian Emperor Court Capellmeister.

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THIS from an exchange about Tennyson's sensibility to music: In his earlier days, when he had a great horror of being lionized, he was invited one evening to a musical party for the purpose of meeting a gentleman who had set some of his songs to music. He went to the party, and, while the songs were being sung, everyone was anxious to see how the music pleased him. After the music had ceased, there was a long silence, and the hostess was beginning to fear that the poet was displeased, when suddenly from the corner in which Tennyson sat came a voice, shaking with emotion, "Do you not see that I am weeping?"—Who was the English composer that could touch Tennyson?

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DR. RUTHERFORD, Head Master of Westminster School, and the assistant master were "at home" in the great schoolroom and the rest of the school buildings on November 18. Music and singing by members of the Abbey choir were a new feature of the function, which is an annual event, and occurs on the same evening as the service held in the Abbey in commemoration of the founders and benefactors. On this occasion the Abbey choir was supplemented by those boys of the school whose vocal powers were equal to the occasion. Dr. Bridge did not play the whole of the service, but in his absence Mr. Winter officiated ably. Mr. Ranalow, the musical director of the school, coached the boys in their parts, and succeeded well.

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SIR JOHN STAINER has been elected honorary Fellow of Magdalen, this being the highest honour his old college has the power to bestow. It is rarely conferred, and, indeed, before it was granted to the Oxford Professor of Music, it was held by only three others, to wit—Lord Selborne, Professor Westwood, and the Bishop of Chichester. The compliment is, no doubt, due to Sir John Stainer's high rank in the musical profession, and to his personal popularity, although it seems the Professor himself modestly prefers to regard it as an important recognition of the status of music in the University.

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MR. STANFORD gives from his personal experience one striking instance of Lord Tennyson's generosity. He had been chosen to write the incidental music for "Queen Mary," when it was produced at the Lyceum in 1875. Many difficulties were put in the way of the performance of the music, and as a final obstacle it was alleged by the manager that the number of

orchestral players required for its proper presentment would necessitate the sacrifice of two rows of stalls. Tennyson at once offered to bear the expense of the sacrificed seats while the play ran. The offer was declined by Mr. Bateman, and it was long after then Mr. Stanford heard of the generous proposal that the poet had made with the sole object of extending the fame of a young and comparatively unknown composer.

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MISS HELEN PETTICAN, the rising young contralto who is rapidly making her way to the front rank of oratorio and ballad vocalists, is a native of Sandwich, Kent. She was a student of the Royal Academy of Music, under Mr. Edwin Holland, and won the bronze and silver medals. Since leaving the Academy she has studied for the last two years under Mr. Frank Broadbent. Her voice is of sympathetic quality and beautiful in tone, and she sings with great feeling. Miss Pettican's first appearance was at the Irish Festival at the Royal Albert Hall, where she created a most favourable impression, being recalled after both songs. Since then she has sung with unvarying success at the Meistersingers, Lyric, Grosvenor, and Ballad Singers' Club, and in oratorio, and scored highly as Ursula in "The Golden Legend." In person Miss Pettican is tall and very handsome, with a good platform presence and a charming unaffected manner.

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THE many friends of Miss Grace Woodward will be glad to know that she is back in town, quite recovered from her long and dangerous illness. Miss Woodward, who is one of the best of our younger English contraltos, was a private pupil of Mr. Shakespeare, and made her debut in 1886 at the Promenade Concerts, where she met with immediate and immense success. Unluckily for her, very soon after the commencement of her career she had a long illness, the result of a severe dog-bite, and she has been therefore longer in reaching her present enviable position than would otherwise have been the case. Miss Woodward is graceful and fair in appearance, and has a voice of remarkably even and sympathetic quality.

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DR. HOLBROOKE CURTIS, who with Mr. Lennox Browne was attending M. Jean de Reszké during his illness in the summer, has authorized an official denial that any operation was performed upon the eminent tenor's throat. Dr. Curtis, at the request of Dr. Joal, of Paris, operated upon the throat of M. Tscherneff, the Russian baritone, and M. Jean de Reszké was present, from which fact, no doubt, the report originated. As Dr. Curtis positively asserts, all that was the matter with M. de Reszké was a severe cold, which settled upon his left lung as a peri-bronchitis, and did not readily break up. Consequently he was sent to Mont Dore, where he took the regular three weeks' course, including bathing and mountain climbing, and soon became well. Moreover, his refusal to sing at the Vienna Exhibition had nothing to do with his voice, but was solely owing to the fact that the authorities would not allow the costumes and scenery to be taken from the Polish opera-house at Warsaw.

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MR. ALISON PHILLIPS, who is beginning to make his mark as a public singer, is a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. He possesses a baritone voice of extremely pleasing quality, and he undoubtedly deserves to be welcomed as an addition to the small class of artistic platform singers. Mr. Phillips' resolution to enter the musical profession was severely criticised by the president of his college, whose opposition Mr. Phillips has quietly ignored.

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MR. CHARLES WOOD, a rising young composer and teacher at the Royal College of Music, has just been appointed Lecturer in Music to the University of Cambridge. He is one of several musicians who were often in the society of Lord Tennyson, arranging for the setting to music of the Laureate's words. Mr. Wood has also written church music, which is occasionally heard in our cathedrals. As a teacher he has proved his efficiency, and won the good opinion of all his pupils.

THERE has been nothing short of a musical festival, says our Paris correspondent, at the Institute, where, M. Gêrome presiding, "Amadio," the lyrical drama of M. Busser, a young composer, and the "Chasse Fantastique" of M. Camille Erlanger, also an ex-pupil of the Conservatoire, and laureate of the French school of Rome, were executed.

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M. BUSSER has won the second Roman scholarship, no first one being given this year. The "Weird Hunt" is taken from the story by Flaubert of St. Jean l'Hospitalier. It displays native talent and great technical skill, but also too plainly shows that the author was haunted by Tannhäuser. The author is a tall, slender, and happy-looking youth. I hear (our correspondent continues) that he is not yet twenty. His countenance is a charming one, and nobody can wonder at his being a favourite of the lyrical muse. His is a case of heredity, his father having been a Swiss violinist, who died at Toulouse, where he married. At the time of his death his son was seven years old, and was adopted by his maternal grandfather, an innkeeper in that city. As he was always thinking of music, his mother insisted on his being allowed to practise several hours a day on a piano in the guests' sitting-room of the inn. It was there that M. Hector Saloman, director of the choruses of the Opera House, heard him playing things out of his own head, thought they had a true ring, and persuaded the grandfather to let the lad come to Paris to study instrumental music and composition. He was placed under Guiraud, and is now a pupil of M. Gounod, who obtained for him the place of organist in the church of St. Clôud, where he plays every Sunday.

* * *

MISS ETHEL SHARPE, an ex-scholar of the Royal College of Music, who appeared with success as pianist at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts last season, has left for Vienna, having received a grant from the council of the college to enable her to visit the principal continental cities, in order to extend her artistic experiences.

* * *

DR. CRESER, of the Chapel Royal, is just putting the finishing touches to a symphony upon which he has been engaged for several months. One feature of the work will be novel, if not absolutely new. Brahms, Stanford, and others have utilized national and folk melodies in their compositions; but in Dr. Creser's symphony almost the whole of the thematic material has been derived from the popular English melodies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Otherwise, the composition is practically in regular form, and the various themes are properly developed, and in at least two instances are even treated fugally, so that the symphony promises to be a somewhat stringent test of musical workmanship. Slavonic composers are extremely fond of using national melodies, and M. Rubinstein's opera, "Merchant Kalashnikov," based upon Lermontow's poem, and produced at St. Petersburg in 1880, is said to be almost entirely based upon genuine Russian folk songs.

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MR. CHARLES SAINTON, whose silver-point drawings were conveyed to Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales's inspection prior to their being exhibited to the public, is the only son of two celebrated personages in the musical world who have passed away—Madame Sainton-Dolby, the first of English contraltos, and M. Prosper Sainton, for nearly half a century the principal professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Sainton studied principally in Parisian studios, and his earlier works, which were exhibited in the "Salon," were highly commended in critical circles. The children of musicians who have gone over to the sister art of painting in preference to their parents' profession form a long list, and include, among others, the sons of Sir Charles Hallé, Gounod, and Mescheles, and the daughter of Madame Patey.

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WHAT is silver point? And what does it look like, anyway? Well, it looks like a very delicate, firm

pencil-drawing, but with a sparkle that lead cannot give. Silver point is merely a drawing made by a pencil of pure silver on a paper prepared with a wash of opaque white. You cannot erase, you cannot alter. If you make a mistake nothing remains but to begin the whole thing over again. The practice of silver point is very ancient. When lead pencils came into fashion the silver point went out.

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VERDI has been consulted as to his willingness to accept the degree of Doctor in Music from the University of Cambridge, and whether he would be able to visit England for the purpose. The distinguished composer has replied expressing his profound appreciation of the honour proposed for him, but pointing out that, at his great age, it is impossible for him to undertake so long a journey. The university authorities may, perhaps, see their way to confer the degree in Verdi's absence, all statutes to the contrary (if there be any) notwithstanding. One of Verdi's recent visitors states that the composer continues to enjoy his "Falstaff." He will sit down to the pianoforte with his librettist, Boito, and go through scene after scene, broken by pauses for hearty laughter. If the world see as much fun in the new opera as does its venerable composer, "Falstaff" will be fortunate indeed.

* * *

THE tendency of American musical artists to try their fortune in this country has just been shown once more by the appearance amongst us of Mrs. Katharine Fisk. This lady comes from Chicago, where she is favourably known both in society as the wife of an eminent professor, and in musical circles as a contralto—some style her a mezzo-soprano—of high qualifications. It is Mrs. Fisk's hope, we believe, to settle in this country as a concert singer, and there seems, at present, every reason to believe that her desire will be accomplished. She is a lady of distinguished presence and attainments; an American, she is not without certain faults, but her good qualities are so much more numerous and conspicuous that at present they alone need recognition. Her voice is powerful and rich, she commands her breath perfectly, and her intonation is always true. She is likely to take high rank as an oratorio singer, her expression being remarkable rather for purity than for passion.

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A LETTER from a correspondent informs me that the famous basso-profundo, Herr Rokitsky, proposes definitely to quit the stage, and to confine himself to teaching. Herr Rokitsky, who is the son of a Viennese physician, and was born in 1836, first came here as a young man of twenty, but he returned to Her Majesty's in 1865 when in his prime, and sang in London till the coalition season of 1869. The parts by which he will best be recollected by opera-goers are Sarastro, Leporello, Marcello and Rocco, and when, after some years of absence, he again returned to this country in 1877, he added to his repertory the rôle of the King in "Lohengrin." Since 1863 he has been a member of the troupe of the Vienna Opera, and he now retires after very nearly thirty years of service at that establishment.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, though maintaining fairly good health, has found it impossible to brave the fogs of a London winter, and, acting on medical advice, has decided to go to Monte Carlo until the spring. On the 18th ult. he crossed from Dover to Calais in the *Empress*, and proceeded as far as Paris, with the intention of taking a few days' rest there before going on to Monte Carlo.

Sir Arthur has been unable to evade the ubiquitous interviewer, and among other things he has been telling again the story of how he composed the music to "The Lost Chord." It is worth repeating. One night he was in the room next to that in which his brother was dying. He had been watching at the bedside of the dying man, and was thoroughly tired out. Sitting down before an organ that was by chance in the room, he found the noble words before him, and he did not rise from his seat until he had composed the music which thrills all who have heard it.

MISS JANOTHA, while passing the autumn in Scotland, has been honoured with various invitations to Balmoral, and had the honour to perform before her Majesty the Queen, also to play with H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, on two pianos, while her Majesty graciously listened, and presented Miss Janotha with a beautiful brooch, set in pearls; and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice presented her with a letter-opener, ornamented with jewels. But the gracious kindness of her Majesty was proved in still another way. Knowing that Miss Janotha is a great admirer of the beauties of Scotland, her Majesty had the grace to order her carriage to be driven along the private road, used only by her Majesty, in order to give Miss Janotha a better prospect of the beautiful scenery. H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught distinguished Miss Janotha with a gracious invitation to be her guest at Abergeldie Castle, during the visit of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. Miss Janotha is now going on a tour through the West of England.

* * *

TWICE recently Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons supplied one of their finest concert iron grands for use at Balmoral. The instrument, on the first occasion, was one which had been previously used at concerts in St. James's Hall, and elsewhere, by Miss Janotha, who had the honour of playing before her Majesty the Queen and royal family. On the second occasion, Miss Fanny Davies played, on her favourite piano, before her Majesty and the royal family.

* * *

MESSRS. BROADWOOD have recently had the honour of supplying one of their newly-introduced iron-framed upright pianofortes for the use of H.R.H. the Duke of York. The instrument was placed on board H.M.S. *Melampus*, and his Royal Highness has signified his approval in glowing terms.

Welsh Memo and Musings.

By "IDRIS MAENGWYN."

A WELSH SERVICE IN LONDON.

IN connection with the Dedication Festival at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, London, the Welsh congregation dignified their usual service of evensong about a fortnight ago as their share of the Festival. The service, therefore, was entirely festival in character, and commenced with the processional hymns, "O, dyfyr sawr ysprydol!" and "Ar ol i'r Doeth Anfeidrol!" to the tune "Oxwich" (Matthews). The space betwixt the altar and choir-stalls was occupied by the clergy and the surpliced choir (numbering forty), who came in, in a procession at the conclusion of the second processional hymn, headed by the cross-bearer, etc., with banner rich in colour, in a very orthodox manner. A special psalm was sung to a Gregorian tune. The Canticles ("Mag." and "Nunc Dim.") were by Owain Alan in D. The Anthem was by Rev. Howell, Brecon.

The concluding hymn was "Wele dyfyr's gwaredig on," to the tune "Moriah," which was sung by the large congregation with unusual pathos and "hwyl."

The service musically was a great success. The choir sang exceedingly well; there was a precision of attack and finish which I am sure cost the painstaking organist and choir director, Mr. D. J. Thomas, a great deal of labour. It is a great credit to him and the choir that such a service was performed actually without the aid of a conductor, for Mr. Thomas, of course, had to preside at the organ. The soli parts in the canticles and anthem were sung by members of the choir, who performed their different parts with the best result. The Rev. E. Külin Roberts intoned the service in his usual refined manner, and the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Swansen.

LLANDUDNO AUTUMN CONCERTS.

THESE concerts have come to an end for this season. They were extremely well conducted, and I hope they will be repeated next season.

The selections of music played at the autumn concerts, which were held at the Pavilion, included morning performances: "Trovatore," "Der Freischütz," "Pygmalion and Galatea"; also selections from Offenbach's comic opera, "Madame Favart," as arranged by Audibert, and Gounod's "Mock Doctor"; "Martha," arranged by Lamotte; and "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Suppe's "Light Cavalry," "Rip Van Winkle," and Riviere's "Cymbalaria"; and also solos by Messrs. W. Norton (violin), C. Fawcett (clarinet), C. Grey (cornet), and G. S. Redfern (flute).

At the evening concerts the same excellent taste was shown in the selection of the music. The pieces played included: "Klein Serenade," selections from "The Mikado," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Iola" (new society dance), "Reminiscences of England," "The Gondoliers" (by request), Schubert's "Military," "Bronze Horse," "Mignon," "Murmuring Stream," and an American barn dance, "Pop Corn," "King Manfred," "Dinorah," "Mikado" (by request), "Bohemian Girl," "The Mountebanks," "Albert Edward," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "H. M. S. *Pinafore*." Solos were given by Mr. Charles Fawcett (clarinet), "Fantasia Caprice"; Mr. W. R. Moor (pianoforte), "Valse Caprice," by request; Mr. J. Walton (violin), "In the forest," "Spanish Dance"; and on Wednesday, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Mr. W. R. Moor, and by Messrs. Redfern (flute) and Charles Gray (cornet).

On Wednesday evening the Tudno Male Choral Society sang "The War Horse" (Jenkins), under the conductorship of Mr. George Edwards, and accompanied by the orchestra. The rendering was very creditable, and loud applause demanded an encore, which was responded to.

The solo vocalists included Misses Elsie May Edge, Alice Ainsworth, and Mrs. Haddingham, to whom very good receptions were accorded.

Leicester Musical Notes.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

M R. J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S Second Grand Concert (of a series of four) took place at the Temperance Hall on Thursday evening, November 17. The popular entrepreneur selected Sir Arthur Sullivan's well-known which sacred musical drama, "The Martyr of Antioch," in the Philharmonic Society (band and chorus of 300 performers) took part, assisted by the following highly-gifted artists: Miss Zippora Monteith, soprano, Miss Dews, contralto, Mr. Charles Chilly, tenor, Mr. Bispham, basso (his first appearance in Leicester); hon. conductor, Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O.; leader, Mr. F. Ward; hon. organist, Mr. R. H. Craven. The concert proved in every way highly successful.

Errata.

MR. CHARLES WORTH'S song, at bars 6 and 7 (both verses), should stand:



Music in Berlin.

THE newly-built Bechstein Concert-Hall was opened on Tuesday (October 4), in the presence of a select circle of musicians and amateurs. The hall seats little over 500, and is intended chiefly for chamber-music and recitals. It is well-built, prettily decorated, and every attention has been paid to the comfort of the audience. At the opening concert Bülow very appropriately played on an instrument made by the late Bechstein, to whose memory the hall is erected. The programme was:

Fantasia in C minor	Mozart.
Sonata in E flat ("Les Adieux")	Beethoven.
Variations and Fugue	Kiel.
Faschingsschwank	Schumann.
Selection	Chopin.

The audience was most enthusiastic, and in answer to vociferous recalls Herr von Bülow re-appeared with Mr. C. Bechstein and Mr. Hermann Wolff. There were present Dr. Bosse, Home Secretary; Professors Helmholz, Virchow; the painters A. Mezzel, P. Meyerheim, A. von Werner; and amongst the musicians, Max Bruch, Rubinstein, Brahms and Madame Lembrich.

On October 5 the first chamber-concert was given by Brahms, Joachim, Kreuze, Wirth, Hausmann and Muhlfield. The programme consisted entirely of Brahms' works, viz.: Sextet in B, Quintet in B flat minor, and Sonata in D minor for piano and violin. The *Berliner Zeitung* reports: "When Herr Brahms appeared endless cheers greeted him. Brahms is a pianoforte player of no ordinary stamp, and his rendering of his own sonata lent an exceptional charm to his work." The acoustical qualities of the hall seemed, after this concert, to be particularly well adapted to chamber-music.

The third concert, next day, was the crowning event of the musical festival. The *Berliner Fremdenblatt* reports: "Herr Anton von Rubinstein, the incomparable grand master of pianoforte-playing... reigned supreme on the third evening. His programme included Variations for Piano in G, Sonata for Piano and Viola (Op. 49), Ballade for Piano (opus), 'Nouvelle melodie' and Impromptu, two études (op. 81), and songs—all, of course, his own compositions. He played as only Rubinstein can in his happiest moments." Krelle, the viola-player, and the singer, Fräulein Anna von Jeribtzoff—who was accompanied by Rubinstein himself—were warmly applauded. The audience was again large, and included the Princess Leopold von Hohenzollern, who, remarkable to state, thought it worth while to remain from beginning to end of the concert.

Music in Bristol.

AMONG the many concerts of the past month the following call for special notice: Senor Sarasate and Madame Berthe Marx were most successful at the Victoria Rooms, and more than sustained the impression made on previous occasions. Schubert's Rondeau Brillante in B minor, for violin and piano, the first item on the programme, was rendered in a manner which called forth hearty applause. The first movement of Beethoven's Concerto next received the attention of the violinist, and here again his interpretation left little to be desired. The demand for an encore after playing the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto was not complied with, but following the Suite in G minor by Raff, Senor Sarasate responded to the enthusiasm shown by his audience by contributing Bazzini's "Witches' Dance." He also played a composition of his own, entitled "Serenade Andalouse."

The pianoforte solos by Madame Marx were Chopin's Sonata in B minor (Op. 58), a Valse Impromptu, and the Sixth Rhapsody by Liszt, all of which received an intelligent rendering—a Spanish dance of Sarasate's, transcribed for the pianoforte by Madame Marx, being given in response to an encore.

The first of the Chamber Concerts for this season, given by Miss Mary Lock, also afforded gratification, the programme containing many attractive items, such as Schubert's Quintet in A (Op. 114), the andante movement of which is always welcome, and Mendelssohn's Capriccio for two violins, viola and cello, a quartet heard for the first time at these concerts, which were all performed in a masterly manner. Saint-Saëns' Sonata in D minor for piano and violin was given by special request, and met with a flattering reception, the talents of Miss Lock and Mr. Carrington being once more displayed to great advantage. Songs were also contributed by Miss Alice Davies.

Mention should be made of a concert by the Bristol Musical Association, in which the "Ancient Mariner" formed the first part; also a concert at which a daughter of Mr. George Riseley made her debut as a violinist. The young lady's playing gave promise of excellent results.

The first of a series of musical recitals in the Cathedral, instituted by the Dean (Dr. Pigou), drew together an appreciative congregation. Selections were given from the oratorios of "Elijah" and "St. Paul," Mr. Riseley playing with his accustomed skill an Adagio of Spohr's.

All lovers of music will welcome with pleasure the announcement that it has been decided to resume the Monday Popular Concerts in the early part of next year, and it is sincerely to be hoped that some means may be found whereby they will be established on a permanent and paying basis.

Music in Glasgow.

THE Glasgow Quartet, led by M. Sous, gave the first concert of their series in the Queen's Rooms on Tuesday, October 18. The *personnel*, somewhat changed from last season, is: First violin, M. Sous; second violin, Mr. Fred. King; viola, Mr. Max Freund; cello, Mr. Julius Schwanzara. It is too early as yet to speak of the ensemble playing, but at least there seems good reason to expect good things in the future. The programme included Beethoven's Quartet in C, and Schumann's Quintet in E flat, for piano and strings—the piano being played by Miss Stuart, who also rendered Brahms' Sonata in A. Mr. Andrew Black was the vocalist.

The second of the series was given on November 1. The programme included a quartet by Mendelssohn, and Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." M. Sous and Mr. Schwanzara also played solos. The audience was not large.

Under the auspices of Messrs. Harrison, Madame Patti and other artists appeared in St. Andrew's Hall, at the first of a series of four concerts, which, we believe are fully subscribed for. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

The Glasgow Select Choir gave a concert in the same Hall on the 29th ult. Glee and part-songs, including settings of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and "Break, break," were rendered in a faultless manner. Dr. Pearce gave a first performance of a new sonata of his own for organ, in D, which was well received.

The Nordica Company, including Miss Damian, Mr. Donne, Mr. Hollman, and the Meister Glee-Singers, appeared at St. Andrew's Hall on November 4. There was a large audience, and encores were freely asked for and given. On the same date, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé gave a pianoforte and violin recital, in the Queen's Rooms, to a good audience which appreciated, amongst other items, Dvorák's Concerto for Violin in A, and Beethoven's Sonata in E minor.

Mademoiselle de Lussan appeared at the Abstiners' Mission concert on the 12th.

Music in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

THERE has been no lack of concerts here during the past month. On October 21 the first Museum concert took place, with the following programme:

PART I.	
1. Overture to "Euryanthe" Weber.
2. Violin Concerto in D Beethoven.
3. "Faust" Overture Wagner.

PART II.	
4. Symphony in C Schubert.

The soloist was to have been Dr. Joachim, but owing to an unfortunate accident he was unable to be present. Professor Carl Halir took his place, and gave a fine rendering of the Beethoven Concerto. The orchestral items under the energetic direction of Kogel were splendidly performed, the Symphony deserving special praise.

At the second Museum concert on November 4, Fräulein Clotilde Kleeberg was the pianist, and gained much applause for her playing of Beethoven's Concerto in G. Herr Birrenkoven sang Pylades' air from "Iphigenia in Tauris," and the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger." The orchestral numbers included the Overture to "The Barber of Bagdad" by Cornelius, Handel's Concerto in D minor for string orchestra, two violins and violoncello obbligato, arranged for concert performance by Kogel, and Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

The programmes of the two chamber-music concerts of October 14 and 28 were as follows:

FIRST CONCERT.	
String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 3, in C Haydn.
Sonata in G, Op. 78, for P.F. and Violin Brahms.
String Quartet in B Beethoven.

SECOND CONCERT.	
String Quartet in F, Op. 41, No. 2 Schumann.
Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello Brunsart.
String Quartet (posth.) in D minor Schubert.

The quartets were performed as usual by the well-known artists Heermann, Koning, Welcker, and Hugo Becker. At the first concert the pianist was Herr Kwast; and at the second Herr Max Schwarz took part in the trio.

The "Rühlscher" Gesangverein gave their first concert of the season on October 31, the first part being devoted to a setting for soloists, chorus, orchestra, and organ, of Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke," by Dr. Bernhard Scholz, conductor of this society. The work contains some fine numbers and striking orchestral effects. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" formed the second part of the programme, and the choir acquitted themselves well, though in places the tenors were weak. The soloists were Frau Uzielli, Frau Hahn, Herrn Naval and Perron. The last-named is a great favourite here, and his voice was heard to great advantage on this occasion.

Amongst the minor concerts was a pianoforte recital given by Fräulein Felicia Kirchdorffer. This young lady studied under Herr Kwast, at Dr. Hoch's Conservatorium (of which Dr. Scholz is director), and last year gained the Mendelssohn scholarship at Berlin. She gave a most successful rendering of the following varied programme:

Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue Bach.
Sonata (Op. 109) Beethoven.
Pieces by Mozart, Scarlatti and Kwast.	
Ballade in F minor Chopin.
Thirteenth Rhapsodie Liszt.

Great grief was caused by the announcement of the sudden death, on October 28, of Dessoff, for many years director of the Opera House orchestra, by the members of which he was much beloved. In memory of him Mozart's "Trauermusik" was played at the succeeding Opera-House Concert, on November 9. Amongst the other orchestral works performed at this concert were Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," and Schumann's Symphony in C; the second movement of the latter work being magnificently given. The orchestra was under the direction of Dr. Scholz, Dessoff's successor having not yet been appointed. Herr Scheidemantel sang Beethoven's song "To Hope," and an Aria by Marschner. V. B.

Music at Manchester.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ had an enthusiastic reception on October 27, when he opened his thirty-fifth series of concerts in the Free Trade Hall, an equally hearty welcome being accorded Lady Hallé. The selections of the latter were Spohr's Concerto, No. 9 in D minor, Adagio, Op. 57 (Bruch), and Mazurka, Op. 26, by Zarzcki—the last two heard for the first time at these concerts. The orchestral numbers included Beethoven's Festival Overture, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and a suite ("Jeux d'Enfants") by Bizet. The personnel of the band is very little altered from previous years, and their playing showed no falling off. Miss Palliser sang an "Ave Maria" adapted to the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." On the 3rd ult. "St. Paul" was given to a house not so crowded as usual on a choral night. Whilst there are many who contend that this is Mendelssohn's finest work, it seems unlikely to oust his "Elijah" from the position it holds in popular esteem here. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Samuel and McKenzie, and Messrs. Piercy and Santley. The chorus, although at times uneven, was at its best in "Happy and Blest," and "How lovely are the Messengers." On the 10th, Mademoiselle Landi from Paris made her first appearance in this city, and achieved a most decided success. Sir Charles Hallé played Saint-Saën's Concerto in C minor, No. 4, two short pieces by Gluck, and a Study in E by Paganini and Liszt. The orchestral *pièce de resistance* was Dvorák's Symphony, No. 4, in G major, which was given only so recently as March last.

The opening night of Mr. Barratt's season, September 24, at St. James's Hall, was devoted to opera, with Madame Moody and Mr. Manners for principals. At the second concert Miss Evangeline Florence made her appearance. M. Paderewski had been engaged for October 8, but illness prevented his appearance. In his place Mr. Barratt secured Madame Melba, the Australian prima donna, who came over from Paris expressly for this concert. Her songs included an excerpt from "Elaine" in which she was accompanied by the composer, Monsieur Bemberg. Monsieur Slinivski, the new pianist, appeared at the same concert with great success. Mademoiselle de Lussan and Herr Popper appeared on the 15th. At the following concert Miss MacIntyre, whose visits to Manchester are always welcome, appeared. Other attractions were Jean Gerardy, Mesdames Janotha and Yrvac. On the 29th, Herr Popper, Monsieur Kosman, and Mademoiselle de Zara were the instrumentalists, the singers being Madame Valleria, Miss Baxter, a new contralto, Messrs. Ben Davies and Norman Salmond. The feature of the evening was the splendid manner in which Mr. Davies gave "Deeper and Deeper Still," Mr. Salmond contributing "Non più Andrai" in fine style. On the 5th ultimo, the sisters Ravogli appeared for the first, but we hope not the last, time at these concerts. Their marvellous singing, whether solo or duet, roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm we have seldom met with. Mademoiselle Giulia Ravogli was recalled time after time for her rendering of "Che Faro," and gave the "Avanera" from "Carmen," narrowly escaping a double encore. Monsieur Gorski was the instrumentalist, his solo meeting with warm approbation.

Despite formidable counter-attractions elsewhere, Mr. Lane has met with decided success in his series of Free Trade Hall concerts. His season commenced on the 22nd with Miss Charlotte Walker, the American prima donna, Madame Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Blagbro and Ward, principal vocalists. On the 29th, Miss Evangeline Florence made a second appearance within the month in Manchester. The instrumental portion of the programme was contributed by the Besses-o'-th'-Barn Prize Band. Mr. Santley proved a big draw on the 5th ultimo, his rendering of "Simon the Cellarer" and the "Vicar of Bray" being vastly enjoyed by an audience crowded to the doors. On the 12th, "Judas Macabæus" was given by a band and chorus numbering 350, the principals being Mesdames Medora Henson, J. Moorhouse, and Emily Lloyd, and Messrs. Ivor McKay and Ffrangcon-Davies.

H. B.

Music in Nottingham.

THE musical season here, now in full swing, opened on October 22nd, when Madame Nordica's party visited the town. The Meister Glee Singers, who were of the party, are always welcomed here, and met with great applause.

The concert given by the Philharmonic Choir was conducted by Mr. Marshall, the principal vocalist being Madame Valleria. The first of Herr Ellemberger's delightful chamber-music concerts took place on November 1st, the following being the programme:

String Quartet, D minor (Op. 76, No. 2)	Haydn.
Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in G (Op. 78)	Brahms.
Piano Solo (A), "Fantasie"	Bach.
Piano Solo (E), "Concert Etude"	Liszt.
Clarinet Quintet, in A	Mozart.

On November 5th, a Ballad Concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall, the following artistes performing: Mesdames Mary Davies, Clara Samuelli, and Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Plunket Green, and Senor Albeniz (solo pianoforte).

The annual prize distribution, in connection with the local examinations of Trinity College, London, was held in the Albert Hall on November 7th. The chair was taken by the Mayor (Mr. Fitz-Hugh), the prizes, etc., being presented by the Mayoress. During the evening the successful candidates gave selections of vocal and instrumental music, and the College Warden (Mr. Turpen) gave an address.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave their first concert on November 9th, when the third acts of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" were performed. The principals were Miss Charlotte Walker, Madame Stone-Barton, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black, with Sir Charles Hallé's band, conducted by himself.

Music in Portsmouth.

M. R. HARVEY PINCHES, of Croydon (late of Southsea), is, we hear, making progress in voice production under Mr. Thorndike, and at no distant period hopes to take his place amongst professional vocalists.

The Test Valley Musical Society's concert, held on Friday afternoon, October 21st, at the Town Hall, was one of the best amateur musical entertainments yet given in the district. The instrumental portions, selected from Dvorák, Grieg, etc., were performed with delicacy and balance of tone. Miss Mary Cardew (pupil of Joachim) was the violin soloist, and Miss Fillunger solo vocalist.

The Gosport and Alverstoke Choral Society, under M. Griesbach, hopes to resume practice early in the coming year.

H. A. Storry opened this season of his excellent popular concerts on Saturday, October 22nd, at the Portland Hall.

On December 6th and 10th, the Portsmouth and Southsea Operatic and Dramatic Society will give a performance of Sullivan's "Ruddigore," at the Prince's Theatre, under the conductorship of Mr. Geo. Miller. Mus. B.—Handel's "Alexander's Feast" will be performed for the first time in this town by the Philharmonic Society, at the Town Hall, on December 21st.

The re-opening of the organ at the Portsea Parish Church took place on Monday, October 31st, and on Saturday, November 5th, Dr. G. Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, gave a recital to a large audience, including T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Masters W. A. Gough and Edward Wood, sopranos from St. Paul's, contributed vocal items.

Under the auspices of Messrs. C. E. Godfrey, the Portland Hall, on November 11th, was filled by an appreciative audience, to listen to Madame Nordica's concert party, consisting of Miss Grace Damian, the Meister Glee Singers, M. Holman, cellist, and F. A. Sewell, pianist.

Music in Salisbury.

DURING the past month we have been fairly busy with concerts. First was the concert of the Test Valley Musical Society, under the conductorship of the Rev. E. H. Moberly, whose name is a guarantee of good things. Some of the chief items performed by the society were an "Ave Maria" for female voices, by Brahms; a selection from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, "Christus," and Eaton Faning's chorus, "Day-break." The string orchestra was heard to great advantage in works by Grieg and Dvorák. Miss Fillunger was the solo vocalist. The concert, which was arranged by the talented conductor of the society, was highly successful in every way.

Mr. Alfred Foley gave his first evening concert in the County Hall on October 31, the leading feature of which was the performance of a large orchestra, consisting entirely of local players. There was a large audience, and the various items of the programme were received with enthusiasm. Amongst the most popular selections may be mentioned Schubert's overture to "Rosamund," the *entr'acte* from "The Mountebanks," and a new "suite" by Mr. Walter Barnett, a well-known Salisbury musician. This last-named work met with special approbation, and is highly spoken of by the local journals. Miss Marie Horton, medallist of the R.A.M., was the principal vocalist, and Mr. C. F. South, organist of the cathedral, officiated as conductor. The concert-giver led the orchestra.

Madame Valleria recently gave a concert in the County Hall. The prima donna herself appeared twice during the evening, the other vocalists being Miss May Pinney, Mr. Braxton Smith, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Enjoyable portions of the programme were Herr David Popper's contributions.

The usual series of winter concerts for the people is being arranged; the first is announced for early next month (December).—The Sarum Choral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. South, has Handel's "Acis and Galatea" in rehearsal for the December concert.—The conductor of the Salisbury Vocal Union, Mr. Hayden, has called his members together, but as yet, I believe, no selection of a work has been made.

Music in Wandsworth.

WANDSWORTH is not superlatively musical, or, if it is, contrives to hide its light under a bushel in the most wonderful manner.

The truth is, we are so handy for St. James's or the Albert Hall that, if we intend paying half-a-crown or a shilling to hear an oratorio or a ballad, we do not care to patronize local enterprise. We go into town and tell our friends that we had stalls on such-and-such a night, whereas (though this, Mr. Editor, is between you and me) we might have been—and horror! to think of it, may actually have been—espied in the shilling gallery or orchestra seats. That, however, is not to the point. The point is, that Wandsworth has at last got a choral society which seems to have "come to stay." There have been many abortive attempts to establish such a society. Years ago there was one which dwindled down to one member, who, through long practice—so the "oldest inhabitant" tells me—became so expert that he went through such oratorios as the "Messiah" and "Creation" by himself, playing the instrumental numbers, singing the airs, and taking up the various "leads" in the choruses; and when he gave a concert he was orchestra, soloists, chorus, and conductor too, besides being his own and only audience and the man who took the money at the doors. But he died, and his actual deeds became merged in mere myth and legend. For years Wandsworth was, musically speaking, in the dark. At last, in 1888, the vicar of our parish gave the word: a choral society must be formed; and, lo! in a moment the darkness was dispelled, a society was formed, and it went by the name of the "Wandsworth Philharmonic." A young man, whose conceit and assurance quite eclipsed his trifling musical capacity, was engaged as conductor; and he con-

ducted to such purpose that, after a magnificent start off, and in spite of the support of all the neighbouring musicians, this society went the way of its predecessors—went under, borne down by a heavy weight of debt.

At the end of last year, however, a number of Wandsworth musicians banded together to commence a choral and orchestral society on a permanent basis. They elected a good man—Mr. G. Higgs, F.C.O.—conductor, and perhaps a better man—Mr. Thorne—secretary. They commenced in January last, and (I believe) in April gave a creditable rendering of the "Creation." Meeting this season in October, they at once commenced on Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The concert is arranged for the second week in December, and I hope, Mr. Editor, to give you an account of it for your January number.

I may say that the numerical strength of the Wandsworth Choral and Orchestral Society is 140; that among the members are such prominent local musicians as Mr. Herring, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Freeman. Others again, such as Mr. John Runciman, ardently support the society, though not officially connected with it. In short, it may be said that not a single musician of note living in the locality does not wish the society a long and prosperous career.

R.

THE facsimile letter here given is from an autograph letter from the pen of the late Poet Laureate, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. It was written, as will be perceived, to Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons in the year 1881. Not until three years after this date was "Mr." Tennyson elevated to the peerage. The upright grand, now to be seen at the Great Pulteney Street showrooms, which was used by the late poet and retained at Aldworth, Haslemere, until his demise, is vested with a peculiarly pathetic interest.

London Academy of Music.

ON Friday afternoon, November 11, the professional students of this institution gave an afternoon concert in St. George's Hall. The orchestra (stringed), of about 60 players, mostly ladies, was under the direction of Mr. Pollitzer, who also, in the interval, gave away the diplomas and medals gained by non-students in the examination of July last. We all know what a students' concert generally is. The singers usually have all the qualifications for greatness except voice, accuracy of ear, and capability to understand a composer's meaning. The strings are commonly intolerably harsh and thin in tone, and the sight of the bows going in many and various directions is calculated to destroy one's peace of mind. The L.A.M. concert, was, therefore, a change to our representative—a change delightful as it was unexpected. The singing was good throughout, some of it, such as Mr. Mervyn Dene's and Miss Teresa Blamy's, very much more than good. The style of each is somewhat immature as yet, but that is only to say the singers are young. The orchestra was good—phrasing and tone, indeed, excellent; and Mr. Pollitzer's conducting was clear and neat. A nocturne by Dvorak received a perfect interpretation. But why did Mr. Pollitzer include that vile and unwarranted arrangement of Bach's A minor organ fugue? We must not conclude without recording the success achieved by Miss Christine Brunden, a young violinist who has a future.

Ap 11/81

9, Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.

Mr Alfred Tennyson requests
Messrs Broadwood to kindly
remove their piano forte to remove
after twelve from here as the Tennyson
is leaving town
The piano forte is an excellent one and
has kept in remarkably good tune.
It has ^{was} been used as an
accompaniment to Mrs Joachin in
his last day. I approved by him



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MR J. A. CROSS

RONDO in C.

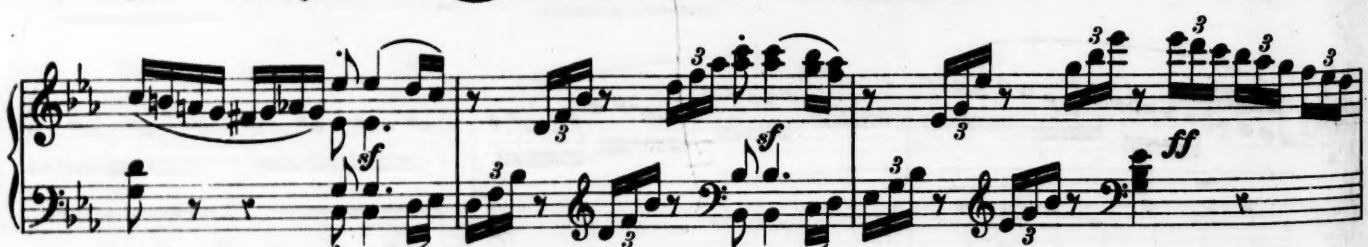
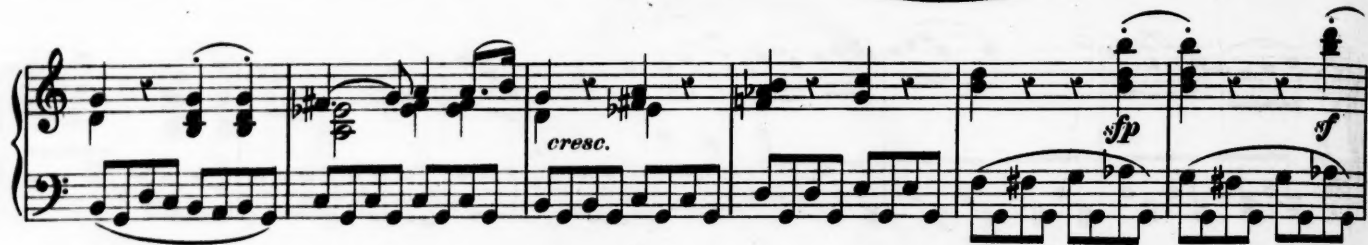
Moderato e grazioso.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN, Op. 51. No. 1.


PIANO.

p dolce

The musical score is presented in seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo 'Moderato e grazioso' and the dynamic 'p dolce' are indicated. The score includes a variety of musical notations: eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



This page of musical notation consists of eight systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music is characterized by complex rhythmic patterns, including many triplets and sixteenth-note runs. Dynamic markings include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *calando* (ritardando). The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and articulation marks. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the last system.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many accidentals and triplets. The bass staff is mostly empty. Dynamics include *ff decresc.* and *p*.



Second system of musical notation. Both staves contain active music. The treble staff has a melodic line with triplets. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. A fermata is present in the treble staff.



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with triplets and a fermata. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*.



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment.



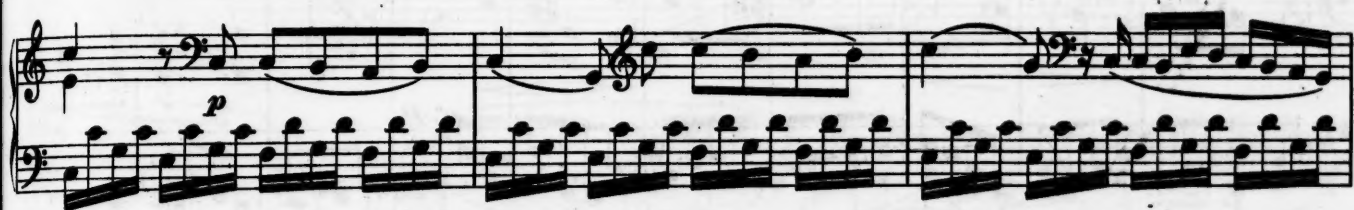
Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *ritardando*.



Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp*.



Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *legato* and *cresc.*



WINTER TIME.

R. SCHUMANN.

Poco lento.

pp

poco a poco animato

p

ritard. *pp*

The musical score for 'Winter Time' by Robert Schumann is presented in six systems. Each system consists of a piano (treble) staff and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo begins with 'Poco lento.' and gradually increases to 'poco a poco animato' in the third system. The dynamics start at 'pp' (pianissimo) and move to 'p' (piano) in the fifth system. The piece concludes with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) and 'pp' marking. The score is rich with musical details, including slurs, ties, and various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4.

Tempo I.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4) are present throughout.

poco più lento

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *fp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers and asterisks are present.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers and asterisks are present.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers and asterisks are present.

poco a poco rallent.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers and asterisks are present.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* dynamic marking in the bass staff. Fingering numbers and asterisks are present.

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